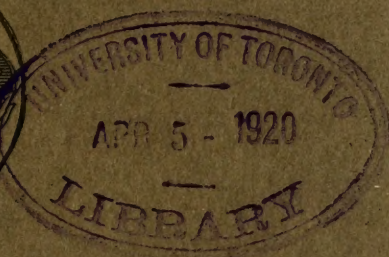


Inter-America

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE



Contents:

BIOGRAPHICAL DATA		
AMADO NERVO	RINALDO RINALDINI	67
<i>Nosotros, Buenos Aires, Argentina</i>		
FRENCH THOUGHT IN ARGENTINA	ÁLVARO MELIÁN LAFINUR	73
<i>La Revista de Filosofía, Buenos Aires, Argentina</i>		
THE EARRINGS	ADRIÁN M. ARÉVALO	76
<i>Ateneo de El Salvador, San Salvador, Salvador</i>		
ARGENTINE CROSS-CURRENTS:		
I AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE		78
<i>La Nación, Buenos Aires, Argentina</i>		
II THE IRON CROSS	ALBERTO GERCHUNOFF	81
<i>La Nota, Buenos Aires, Argentina</i>		
THE TRAIL OF DON ANTONIO PÉREZ	MIGUEL DE FUENZALIDA	85
<i>Pacífico Magazine, Santiago, Chile</i>		
AMBROSETTI AND HIS SCIENTIFIC WORK	SALVADOR DEBENEDETTI	94
<i>La Revista de Filosofía, Buenos Aires, Argentina</i>		
THE UNITED STATES IN THE WAR	ANTONIO G. DE LINARES	105
<i>Caras y Caretas, Buenos Aires, Argentina</i>		
THE PRESENT ECONOMIC CONDITION OF PERÚ	HÉCTOR S. CARDÓ	107
<i>La Nación, Buenos Aires, Argentina</i>		
MOTHER	FRANCISCO CAMPOS	111
<i>La Ilustración, Guayaquil, Ecuador</i>		
PARAGUAY	MANUEL DOMÍNGUEZ	113
<i>Letras, Asunción, Paraguay</i>		
THE CULT OF THE FLOWER	LEOPOLDO LUGONES	123
<i>Ateneo de Honduras, Tegucigalpa, Honduras</i>		
MANUEL ACUÑA	JUAN DE DIOS PESA	126
<i>Selections from Introduction to Obras de Manuel Acuña</i>		

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ANNOUNCEMENT

THE purpose of INTER-AMERICA is to contribute to the establishment of a community of ideas between all the peoples of America by aiding to overcome the barrier of language, which hitherto has kept them apart. It is issued alternately, one month in Spanish, made up of diversified articles translated from the periodical literature of the United States, and the next month in English, composed of similar articles translated from the periodical literature of the American countries of Spanish or Portuguese speech.

INTER-AMERICA thus serves as a vehicle for the international dissemination of articles already circulated in the several countries. It therefore does not publish original articles, nor make editorial comment. It merely translates what has been previously published, without approving or censuring, in order that the reading public of all the American countries may have access to ideas current in each of them.

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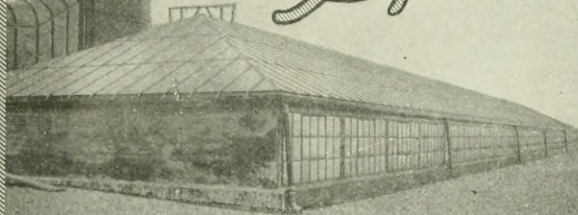
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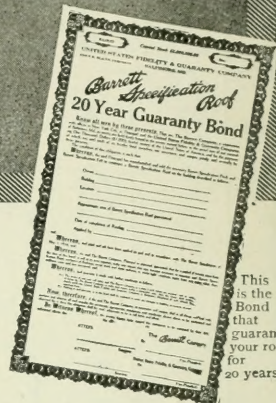


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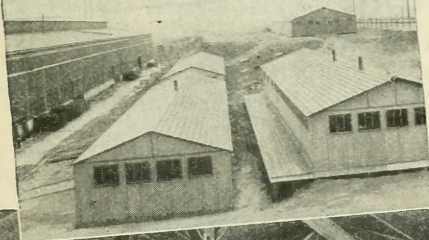
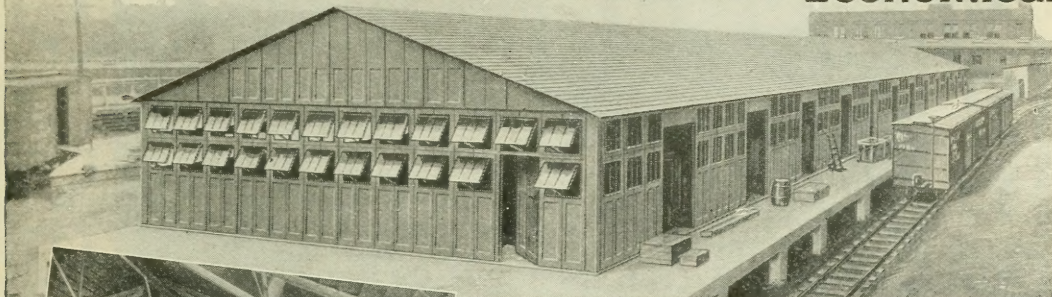
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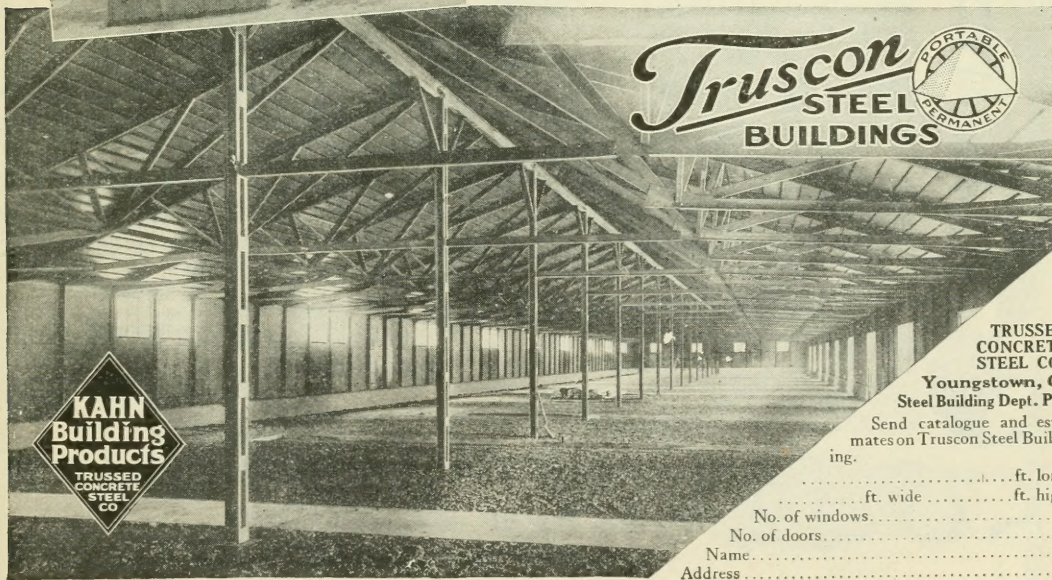
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Card Records

Index Guides

Inter-America

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE



Contents:

BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

- AMADO NERVO RINALDO RINALDINI 67
Nosotros, Buenos Aires, Argentina

- FRENCH THOUGHT IN ARGENTINA ÁLVARO MELIÁN LAFINUR 73
La Revista de Filosofía, Buenos Aires, Argentina

- THE EARRINGS ADRIÁN M. ARÉVALO 76
Ateneo de El Salvador, San Salvador, Salvador

ARGENTINE CROSS-CURRENTS;

- I AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE 78
La Nación, Buenos Aires, Argentina

- II THE IRON CROSS ALBERTO GERCHUNOFF 81
La Nota, Buenos Aires, Argentina

- THE TRAIL OF DON ANTONIO PÉREZ MIGUEL DE FUENZALIDA 85
Pacífico Magazine, Santiago, Chile

- AMBROSETTI AND HIS SCIENTIFIC WORK SALVADOR DEBENEDETTI 94
La Revista de Filosofía, Buenos Aires, Argentina

- THE UNITED STATES IN THE WAR ANTONIO G. DE LINARES 105
Caras y Caretas, Buenos Aires, Argentina

- THE PRESENT ECONOMIC CONDITION OF PERÚ HÉCTOR S. CARDÓ 107
La Nación, Buenos Aires, Argentina

- MOTHER FRANCISCO CAMPOS 111
La Ilustración, Guayaquil, Ecuador

- PARAGUAY MANUEL DOMÍNGUEZ 113
Letras, Asunción, Paraguay

- THE CULT OF THE FLOWER LEOPOLDO LUGONES 123
Ateneo de Honduras, Tegucigalpa, Honduras

- MANUEL ACUÑA JUAN DE DIOS PESA 126
Selections from Introduction to *Obras de Manuel Acuña*

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
NEW YORK

ENGLISH: VOLUME I

DECEMBER, 1917

NUMBER 2

BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

RINALDO RINALDINI: b. in Italy, c. 1865; formerly an officer of the Italian army; he is now a journalist residing in Buenos Aires.

ÁLVARO MELIÁN LAFINUR: b. in Buenos Aires c. 1885; a lawyer and a man of letters.

ADRIÁN M. ARÉVALO: b. in El Salvador, c. 1870; a publicist and a man of letters; he has occupied a number of important positions in the national government, and he is the author of numerous sketches and stories.

ALBERTO GERCHUNOFF: b. in Europe c. 1875; he has lived in Buenos Aires for many years; a journalist on the staff of *La Nación*.

MIGUEL DE FUENZALIDA (pseudonym of ALBERTO EDWARDS): b. in Valparaíso, Chile, in 1872; a publicist and an author; he has been a member of the national congress, and the minister of Hacienda; at present he is the director of the central office of Estadística; he is the author of several politico-historical works; recently he has devoted no little time to writing stories in the manner of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

SALVADOR DEBENEDETTI: b. in Italy, c. 1865; a lawyer; professor in the university of Buenos Aires and in the university of La Plata; an intimate friend and associate of Dr. Ambrosetti's.

ANTONIO G. DE LINARES: b. in Buenos Aires, Argentina, c. 1877; a journalist; at present he represents a number of Argentine periodicals in France, and he is now living in Paris.

HÉCTOR S. CARDÓ: b. in the province of Pisco, Perú, in 1880; a mining engineer and capitalist who has rendered important services to the republic in the development of its material resources; at present he is the minister of Fomento.

FRANCISCO CAMPOS: b. in Ecuador, c. 1855; a man of letters, a journalist and a

publicist; he is the author of a number of historical works, especially relating to the Incas, the conquerors and the colonists, and of two well known novels, *La receta*, and *Plácido*; he has been the editor of *El Telégrafo*, the rector of the National college, and the minister of Public Instruction.

MANUEL DOMÍNGUEZ: b. in Asunción, Paraguay, c. 1875; a man of letters, a scientist and a publicist; he has been a professor of geography, history and natural history in the National university and its rector; he has edited *El Progreso*, *La Nación* and *La Prensa* of Asunción; an authority on the history of his country; a corresponding member of the Academia de la Historia of Spain; he was vice-president of the republic in 1902; he is the author of a number of geographical, ethnographic and historical works; an eager student of Emerson, Poe, Whitman and other North American writers.

LEOPOLDO LUGONES: b. in Tucumán, Argentina, in 1869; a poet and a man of letters; he has been a professor of literature in the National college of Buenos Aires; he is the author of many sketches on colonial and national manners and customs. He acquired a reputation by his *Montañas de oro*. During the last year he has published *El Payador*, a description of the early creole life of the country, with gaucho verse and songs; and a life of Sarmiento.

JUAN DE DIOS PESA: b. in the city of México in 1851, died 1909; educated in the city of México, where, after his preparatory training, he took a course in medicine; he occupied several minor diplomatic positions, being for a while secretary of the Mexican legation in Madrid; the author of a number of works in prose and verse, among which *Fusiles y muñecas* (Guns and Dolls) and *Cantos del hogar* (Songs of the Home) take highest rank.

AMADO NERVO¹

BY

RINALDO RINALDINI

An analysis of the character of the famous Mexican poet, with a discussion of the qualities and tendencies of his writings. The author rates him high as a man and as a proclaimer of an ascetic Christian ideal through the medium of verse.—THE EDITOR.

SOME years ago *La Nación* published a series of Amado Nervo's thoughts. One of them was couched thus:

It is a redundancy to say mystical poet. How can there be a poet who is not mystical, who, comprehending divine love, as he alone is capable of comprehending it, does not launch himself toward God with an irresistible impulse?

Amado Nervo is the best example that can be presented in favor of his own theory. This admirable poet is a mystic in reality, a being with a spiritual and contemplative life, a soul inclined toward God. His work, his life, is a synopsis, a revelation of this supreme longing. Physically, if we abide by the judgment of those who know the poet, he produces the same impression of mysticism as that which is gathered from his writings.

The truth is that in the life and work of Amado Nervo there is more than one moment, more than one composition, that seems to negative this characteristic of this spirit, but, in spite of all external changes, the life of every man bears, from one extreme to the other, the same stamp. It may be compared, says a philosopher, to a series of musical variations upon a single theme. These changes, these variations, are in the poet only apparent: the essential elements of his being are always the same.

Contradictory as he was, like every sincere soul, we find in Amado Nervo the expression of an ardent love of life, mingled with a profound distaste for living. Hours of hopelessness follow hours of love and faith; after each of his passions, hard upon each of his deeds of impulse, comes melan-

choly like a shadow. Inevitable companion and friend of solitude, and the only one that remains when every other has departed, sister melancholy is for the poet sick of life the gray wings, as it were, that transport him from the realm of dreams to that of death.

Sensations, emotions, have stirred and disturbed without ceasing this strangely inquiet soul. To-day, for the moment, he is still agitated by a hope that imperatively summons him to life; but it is a hope as tenuous as a cloud, as fugitive as a dream, that has but served to remind him of the sadness of his existence. And it is then that the poet, full of abstraction, withdraws into serene contemplation, as it is then that the river of his life seems to change into a quiet lake whereon the heavens are reflected.

The life of Amado Nervo is a wholly internal life. In him sensations play the part of deeds, vibrations take the place of actions. His is an intense life, but without events—I refer to the events that fill the life of common men. All those who hear me will surely understand that life is not limited merely to a series of external deeds, of material actions; that not that alone is life which is lived by such as attend to the necessities and the good faith of their kind. The poet, writer, artist, are propulsive forces that carry along even those who despise them. Ideas move the world, a French writer has said; and in each vibration of the human soul there is a latent idea, in every work of art, a thought.

Amado Nervo was born in México, a land prolific in great poets, in the year 1870. Regarding his youth we know a fact that is for us very important, because it gives us an insight into the nature of his

¹A dissertation presented August 15, 1917, on the occasion of a recital of the poems of the great Mexican lyric.—Note of the Editor of *Nosotros*.

soul from an early period. Nervo was once a theological student. He did not complete his ecclesiastical career, however. Shortly before he was to adopt the habit, he gave up the seminary for the world. What reasons induced him to turn aside from his first impulse? Were they the demands of an ardent and restless nature that felt the desire to live beating in its breast with too much strength? Was it because he found in the men of religion the same passions, the same egotisms, the same arbitrariness, as in the men of the world? It is difficult to decide.

What is known is that Amado Nervo, once out of the seminary, devoted himself to a most active life. He left México and went to Europe. He traveled, traveled extensively. He wrote for newspapers and magazines—verses, articles, stories. He took part in every gathering, availed himself of every intellectual opportunity that was offered.

Nervo went everywhere. It could be said that there had suddenly been awakened in him an irresistible curiosity regarding all things and all people. He wrote impassioned compositions, burning with love, and compositions that, in spite of the sensual tone that animated them, reveal the innate idealism of our poet. He speaks of a light haired girl who disturbed him, and he begins his composition by saying:

So surpassing fair a girl, I ween,
As, in strong sunlight, to be unseen.

Then he immaterializes her and merges her with the stars.

Rubén Darío, who knew him at that period of his life, and who was his great friend, says that Nervo was not then a believer in anything. I permit myself to doubt it. Nervo did not believe as we may not believe in a woman we love. We do not believe, but we feel ourselves drawn toward her by an irresistible power. We do not believe, but we are ever ready to yield to her, above all, if she asks for our life. And Nervo did not wait long to give himself to his divine love. It was none other than Rubén Darío himself who witnessed this conversion, so sincere, so imperative, that it also laid hold of Rubén.

The occurrence took place in Paris, one night during holy week.

Rubén Darío, Nervo, and a circle of author friends had the custom of gathering from night to night to chat and read. One night Amado Nervo did not appear. His friends became uneasy; they knew him to be so punctual that they at once attributed his absence to some serious cause. They made a thousand conjectures, but to Rubén Darío it suddenly occurred to say:

"He must be in a church."

"And if we should go to look for him?"

"That's it; let us go to look for him."

And they all set out for Notre Dame.

The prescience of Rubén was correct. The friends reached Notre Dame, and they came upon a sight that must have moved them to the depths of their being. The poet was before the closed door of the church, and, plunged in extreme agitation, he was asking for a confessor. Rubén Darío, in anguish, ran toward him. When Nervo recognized him he threw himself in his arms; and they relate that Rubén, whom life had dealt with so pitilessly, wept over the sorrows of the friend whom, more than any one, he was capable of understanding. And he also wept without doubt over his own sorrows, the tragic episodes of that terrible adventure that was his life.

After that night, Rubén Darío and Nervo sought shelter in a monastery, where they lived the monachal life for some months. There they read together one of the most beautiful books produced by Christian faith: *The Imitation of Jesus*.¹

These readings inspired in Nervo the composition dedicated to Thomas à Kempis, according to my opinion, one of the loveliest of the author's poems.²

It runs thus:

¹ Thus loosely quoted by the author, who, without doubt, knows that the correct title is *The Imitation of Christ*.—THE EDITOR.

² Many would take issue with this judgment, which, if correct, would not leave the poet a very lofty place. Although the English version given here is at best but a translation, with the necessary limitations of such, the original is only superior in form. The thought of this poem does not move on either the high or wide plane of Nervo's best.—THE EDITOR.

TO KEMPIS

*Sicut nubes, quasi naves,
velut umbra. . . .*

For many years the wilds I have haunted,
For many years I have lived in sadness,
For many years by dull sickness daunted,
Because of a book born of thy madness!

O Kempis! ere thee I read, I courted
The light, the meadow, the lordly ocean;
Since thy drear, "It passeth," all distorted
See I life; death as man's sole promotion.

Erstwhile, e'er the lure of fancy heeding,
I sipped the lips that offered me kisses,
Pressed fair locks, sought soft eyes, stilled their
pleading,
Forgetting how fade earth's fleeting blisses;

But, as affirm the grave and the lettered,
Who name thee and from thee make quotation,
That man passeth "like a ship unfettered,
Like the swift cloud, like an adumbration. . . ."

I flee from every earthly relation,
My dark mind cheered by no soft affection,
And with thy book as a grim negation,
My life is a night of black dejection.

O Kempis, Kempis, ascetic lonely,
Pallid ascetic, what harm thou brought'st me,
For many years in malady only,
And all because of the book thou taught'st me.

This crisis of Nervo's mysticism seems
to have been decisive. From that day
the life of the poet changed totally.

Do not let yourselves think, however,
that this rare personality shelters a gloomy,
misanthropic spirit that obstinately shuns
people. Nervo is a most affable man, and
charming company, it is said. Some years
ago he represented México in Spain, and
he was a courteous diplomat, very atten-
tive to the interests of his country.

A Cuban writer, Alfredo Sierra Valle,
who became acquainted with him on a
social occasion in Madrid, sets him forth
thus:

Do you remember, dear Nervo, that spring
afternoon when I first met you? It was at the
Chilean legation; don Emiliano Figueroa, now
in Buenos Aires, was strolling from group to
group of chirping ladies who were playing at
bridge¹ or having tea.

In our group Antonio de Hoyos was showing
off his devilish monocle.¹ When I turned to
Enrique Casal (León Boydo) a gentleman-in-
waiting to His Majesty, and a famous chronicler
of drawing-rooms, and told him that his sur-
name was celebrated in Cuba, you, who had
remained silent for a long time, interrupted
to say with a show of emotion: "Julián del
Casal," and you went on as if speaking to your-
self: "José Martí, Gutiérrez Nájera, Rubén
Darío." Surprised at finding, at last, some one
who should speak of, should know, the writers
of America, I turned, full of curiosity. A well
fitting cut-away, a clean shaven face, the pallor
of ivory, of ivory that has been exposed to the
sun for a long time—that was what I saw.

"Do you know Rubén?"

"Yes, we are very good friends."

"And have you read Julián del Casal?"

He laughed with a certain pity.

"Pardon me," I said, "pardon me, but, since
here in Madrid, except Rubén, Chocano, and
Nervo, they know so few . . . no one
rather . . . it shocked me . . . —sur-
prised me . . . Excuse me."

"I am not a Spaniard. I am a Mexican."

"Mexican? Your name, if you will be so
kind?"

"Amado Nervo."

That afternoon I did not tear myself away
from him. Clean, dapper—in spite of being a
poet—a delightful talker, when he feels like
it, implacably silent when he is in gray,¹ Amado
Nervo is enchanting. Yonder in the lands of
Central America fantastic Santos Chocano had
drawn me his portrait and eulogized him. That
afternoon I verified the appropriateness of the
portrait and the eulogy.

"I am ill. . . . I go out little . . .
next month I shall set out for Paris. I am very
ill. . . ."

"Some adventure, dear Nervo, some love af-
fair? Perhaps that marchioness who returns
your eagerness with her eagerness, even if you
are neither a count, a snob nor a sporting
man?"

"Bah! I am not in love with any other
woman than Sor Juana. Sor Juana Inés de la
Cruz² is my love. Whenever I can be, I am at

¹Compare the colloquial English expression, "to
have the blues."—THE EDITOR.

²The Mexican nun (1651-1695), renowned poet,
theologian, dialectician, painter, physicist, chemist,
latinist and composer of music, called by her admirers
the "Mexican Phenix," "the Tenth Muse," etc. She
was born at San Miguel de Nepantla, about thirty
miles southeast of the city of México, November 12,
1651. Her secular name was Juana Inés de Asbaje
y Ramírez de Cantillana, her quondam pseudonym,
Julia, and when she entered the convent of San Jeró-
nimo in the capital, at about the age of twenty, she

¹English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

her side; I remember, at every hour, her phrases, her figure, her hands, above all, her hands; the hands of Juana de Aragón were not better. I would give my life to have again that heavenly dream, in which Sor Juana came from beyond the tomb to visit me."

Nervo suddenly changed the conversation, and he said to me: "A quarter past six; I am going, for there ought to be awaiting me at my home a new arrival, who thinks to conquer Madrid as the correspondent of a vague newspaper of some vague country of America."

Nervo is an indulgent soul, and of great kindness. Therefore people arouse in him more pity than fear. He is always kind, he is kind on every account, and he is kind, as he says, because of the beauty there is in being kind. This quality is innate with him, like his mysticism.

Life, it should be said, will never change a bad man into a good one: life exacerbates, heightens, our qualities, subdues them or annuls them, but it never changes them.

This kindness, this indulgence of Nervo's, you will see reflected in his *Flor de paz*, a composition which, in a moment, will be recited by the señor Alemany Villa. According to the poet, rancor is a useless fatigue, a vice, an inferiority. Supreme wisdom lies in knowing how to pardon.

If the thorn pricks me, then do I but withdraw from the thorn.

adopted as a religious name the one by which she has since been known: Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz. Her death was caused by fever, contracted while attending the sisters of the convent, during an epidemic.

Her poems were first collected and published in 1689—previously they had been circulated either in manuscript or in periodical or random publications. Her complete works, epic, lyric and dramatic poems, are to be found in three volumes. Of them there were several editions, the latest one of which was issued in Madrid, 1725.

Her most popular poem, but not her best, is to-day familiar everywhere in Spain and Spanish America. It begins: *Hombres necios, que acusáis*. The following is an English version of some of the earlier stanzas, of which there are seventeen in all:

Males perverse, prone to condemn
Women by your witless laws,
Though, forsooth, you are prime cause
Of that which you blame in them.

If with unexampled care
You solicit their disdain,
Will your fair words ease their pain
When you, ruthless, set the snare?

Their resistance you impugn,
Then maintain with gravity
That it was mere levity
Made you dare to importune.

"Why our anxiety to prove thee cruel," he says in *Por qué negar*. Do we know, indeed, that pain is not a blessing? "Nothing ennobles us so much as a great sorrow," another poet has already said. "I am a gentle knight of human anguish," exclaims Nervo in *Estrella de paz*. Pain is the sovereign dispenser of glory and nobility. In truth, pain exalts us, purifies us, makes us better; but with what a wild eagerness do we hasten toward happiness, whenever we sight it—with what joy, what alertness! If it were not for the hope of future happiness, we should not bear the most insignificant pang. Pain is like the incense we burn as an offering to happiness. It chances at times, however, that when this felicity arrives, there remain only the ashes of our internal fire. "Happiness," a character of Dostoyeffsky's replies to his beloved, "we do not now possess it; we have exhausted everything all on hope."

The compositions of Nervo are characterized by an extreme simplicity of form, and by their emotion, the richness of the ideas they contain and a certain internal rhythm which may be conceived of as the soul of the verse. No poet could have a less forced or affected style. Whether the impression he wishes to convey be

What more elevating sight
Than of man with logic crass,
Who with hot breath fogs the glass,
Then laments it is not bright.

One of the most beautiful of Sor Juana's sonnets, barring its traits of Góngora, begins: *Este, que ves, engaño colorido*. It was addressed to the portrait of herself painted by her own hands. In English it goes:

TO A PORTRAIT

This thou seest, image in tones obscure,
Vaunting the comeliness of skillful art,
Which the sophisms of color impart,
Is to the senses but a subtle lure;
This, in which flattery affects to cure
The scarring wounds of Time's ungallant dart,
And, veiling sorrow in the heart,
'Gainst age and dull oblivion insure,
Is a vain artifice to palliate,
A fragile flower in a whirlwind caught,
A useless barrier in the track of Fate,
An unrequiting diligence distraught,
Mere wasted pains; it is, in any state,
A corpse, a moldering dust, a shade, aye, naught!

—THE EDITOR.

tragic, melancholy or jovial, he does it naturally and always with simplicity. You will observe this in *Cobardía* and *Muerta* two compositions that are as different from each other in spirit as they are profound in feeling.

The last compositions of the poet have a rhythm that is as disagreeable as it is wearisome. This most recent stage or manner of Nervo's development, this last state of his mind, is characterized by an intense preoccupation regarding the beyond, the future life and the revelation of the inner self. It is a transcendental preoccupation that reveals his spiritualistic tendency. Nervo seems to incline toward the ideas of theosophy and Vedantism. These religious and philosophical doctrines require a long initiation in order to comprehend them. The foundation of them is self-knowledge. The man who knows himself knows God. This knowledge of one's self, this reintegration of God in the soul, may be effected by successive incarnations; for the Vedantists, like the theosophists, believe in the survival of the soul, and in supernal lives.

The basis of such doctrines is summed up, for the profane, in an eternal moral principle. Man ought to bend his efforts toward perfection, a principle that is the foundation of civilization and progress. Without this stirring toward perfection, we should still live in the woods, disputing with the wild beasts for a place upon the earth.

The first consequence of these beliefs, and perhaps their greatest benefit, is that they incline our actions toward a purely spiritual end, and by this means they reconcile us to life.

I shall quote one of the last of Amado Nervo's compositions, which is very characteristic of the state of mind to which I allude:

EN PAZ

Artifex vitae, artifex sui.

I bless thee, life, near the setting of my sun, at even;
For never didst thou rob my quickening hope of its leaven,
Nor tasks too great, nor unmerited pangs hast thou given;

For I see, at the end of my career, some fruition,
Since I was the molder of my fate, chooser of my mission.

If from all things I have learned how to draw gall and honey,
It is because in them I pour both the sweet and bitter:

When I set out rose-trees, sunbeams soon on rosebuds glitter.

True, indeed, that after plenty ever will come fasting;
But thou didst not tell me that May would be everlasting!

Without a doubt, long have seemed the nights of my slow sorrow;

Yet thou givest not good nights only; waits still the morrow;

Then too some have been serene; let me not evil borrow. . . .

I have loved, been loved, and the sun has caressed my brow.

Life, thou owest me nothing! Life, we are at peace now.

This life of inquietude, of doubt, of renunciations, of faith, of pain and of joy; this life, which is the image of an innate suffering that comes from the depths of our being and gnaws at it without repose; this life, so contradictory and so human, is the life of a Christian. Amado Nervo is an exemplar of this great human type that for nineteen centuries has filled our western world with its cries of anguish and faith.

A contemporary writer, Romain Rolland, speaking of a life equally troubled, of a life equally Christian, writes these profound and admirable words:

Some day, in the future, in the abyss of the ages—if the memory of our earth be still preserved—some day, those who are to be, will appear upon the brink of this vanished race, like Dante on the border of Malebolge, with a mixture of wonder, horror and pity.

But who will feel it more than we who have mingled, as creatures, in its anguish—who have seen struggling the beings whom we love most—we whose throats are acquainted with the rank and enervating vapors of Christian pessimism; we who have sometimes had to put forth an effort not to yield, like others, in the moments of doubt, to the vertigo of divine nothingness.

God! Life eternal! Refuge of those

who do not succeed in living in this low world! Faith, which is often a lack of faith in life, a want of faith in the future, of faith in one's self, a lack of courage, a lack of joy . . . now we know upon how many defeats your victory has been founded!

And therefore I love you, Christians, because I pity you. I pity you and admire your melancholy. You sadden the world, but you beautify it. The world will be poorer when your pain may have disappeared. In an era of cowards, who tremble

in the presence of anguish, and clamor noisily for their right to happiness, which is oftenest the right to the misery of others, let us have the courage to look pain in the face and to venerate it. Blessed be joy and blessed be sorrow! The twain are sisters, and the twain are holy. They fashion the world, and they inspire great souls. They are force, they are life, they are God. He who does not love both, does not love either. And he who has tested them knows the cost of life and the sweetness of death.



FRENCH THOUGHT IN ARGENTINE CULTURE

BY

ÁLVARO MELIÁN LAFINUR

A summary in which the author indicates how French character and ideas have profoundly influenced the history, the thought, and the feeling of Argentina, from the period that gave birth to the struggle for independence to recent times.—THE EDITOR.

OUR devotion to France, justified more eloquently than ever, now in the hour of danger, does not arise merely from an explicable sympathy due to race. It is a reasoned sentiment, and one that rests upon bonds already ancient.

France has been our teacher in law and in liberty. We have for her the veneration, somewhat tinged with feeling, felt by the pupil for an old professor who has succeeded in imparting imperishable ideas of justice and beauty, with serene philosophy, with that charming pedagogy with which, in the garden of *Academos*, the divine Plato lessoned daily the Athenian youth whom Taine describes so marvelously. Animated by a similar spirit, we have always betaken ourselves to the same illustrious Portico, where science loses its aridity without abdicating its profundity, in order to become a lovely discipline of the soul, and the magisterial word assumes an harmonious eurythmy and an Hellenic clarity, where proportion and order dominate, where wisdom has shed human, vivifying, and luminous sympathy in torrents.

From the beginning of our nationality, French thought nurtured all our longings for independence. Our democracy recognizes as its inspirers and guides the philosophers of the *Encyclopedia* and the thinkers who generated the revolution of '89. Condorcet, D'Alembert, Montesquieu, "The Declaration of the Rights of Man," became the evangel of the month of May.¹ Jean Jacques Rousseau, with his theory of

the "Contrat," revived the revolutionary passion of Mariano Moreno,¹ his translator and disseminator among us. Mably, Renyal, and Quesnay were the apostles of the new social creed from which Belgrano, Monteagudo, and Rivadavia² absorbed liberalism and learned the physiocratic doctrines. These ideological influences guided the revolutionary stream, which naturally had its origin in certain economic and social factors. They supplied it with juridical formulas, if I may use the expression,

¹An Argentine juriconsult, journalist and patriot: born in Buenos Aires in 1778; he was one of the principal leaders in the revolution of 1810; he filled several high offices under the first republican government. He was, in 1810, the editor of the famous *Gaceta de Buenos Aires*, which was the spokesman of the patriotic government throughout the period of struggle (1810-1821), and in 1811 he was charged with an important diplomatic mission in England, in company with his brother Manuel.—THE EDITOR.

²Manuel Belgrano (1770-1820): an Argentine general, born in Buenos Aires, and one of the leaders in the war of Independence. He figured prominently in the revolution of 1810, and he made the campaign of Paraguay in 1811; he was victorious at Tucumán, in 1812, and at Salta, in 1813. Later, he commanded the army of Alto Perú (to-day, Bolivia). His country has honored him with a statue, and Bartolomé Mitre published a *Life* of him in three volumes.

Bernardo Monteagudo: an Argentine politician and publicist, born in 1787, and assassinated in 1825. He took an active part as a polemic and soldier in the revolution of 1810. He collaborated with a number of newspapers in Buenos Aires, and in 1815 he went to Europe. Upon his return in 1817, he participated in the campaign for the liberation of Chile. In 1821 he entered the service of Perú, serving first as minister of War, and later as minister of State.

Bernardino Rivadavia (1788-1845): born in Buenos Aires. When hardly out of college he aided in the defense of the city against the attacks of the English; and from 1810 he openly espoused the cause of independence. His subsequent career was one of great brilliance and usefulness. Besides the services he rendered his country at home, he ably represented it abroad in a number of important capacities; his influence was especially felt in the development of instruction, and in the founding of the university of Buenos Aires. He was elevated to the presidency in February, 1826.—THE EDITOR.

¹The month associated with independence in the Argentine mind, as ours is with July, the great day being the twenty-fifth.—THE EDITOR.

upon which to repose, and the liberative movement found in such sources its doctrinary basis.

The Argentine patricians breathed a profound fervor for the publicists and men of action who had accomplished the most transcendent of modern revolutions. The boisterous Gironde filled them with enthusiasm. The implacable Robespierre seduced them, and some of them were happy to compare themselves to Saint-Just. Thus, impassioned, romantic, and heroic, they achieved the emancipative work of America!

Synchronously, since then, the currents of French thought have had their inevitable reproduction in our spiritual movement. The romantic literature of Chateaubriand engendered here more than one wandering and saddened René. The *Corinne* of Madame de Staël was the favorite reading of our ladies. When the teaching of philosophy tended to separate itself with Lafinur from the scholastic routine, Condillac and Destutt de Tracy became the masters who were commented upon and given a prolonged existence. Then, in studying the phenomena of the spirit, the physiological factors were taken into account, for Cabanis had been read. For a long time the laughter of Voltaire has incited to the free examination of things formerly sacred and unapproachable. Freedom of thought was affirmed in the presence of the decline of secular dogmatism. Science escaped from the cloister, freed of hypocritical trappings, to expose to the full light its bare nakedness. And all this came to us from France, like a gust of pure air that swept away the colonial miasmas.

Rivadavia returned from Paris filled with enthusiasm for the parliamentary government he saw in operation there. He admired Benjamin Constant, the Royer Collards, and the Guizots. The liberal constitutionalism and the political philosophy of the "doctrinaires" were in the orders of the day of the cultured and directive nucleus. They also knew Locke, Stuart Mill, and Jeremiah Bentham, but the Frenchmen always predominated, and the Englishmen were perhaps known chiefly through the French publicists of the English school, like Constant.

The philosophical eclecticism of Cousin and Jouffroy influenced our ideological currents. Later, Echeverría¹ was to return to the Plata laden with the new ideas of social philosophy; and the glorious circle that should compose the Association of May, and which from exile was soon to battle for liberty, shouting from Montevideo or from beyond the Andes their cry against the tyrant, was saturated with the doctrines of Saint-Simon, Fourier, Pierre Leroux, as Ingenieros has notably demonstrated in *Los sansimonianos argentinos*.

Alberdi² comments upon Lerminier; Sarmiento³ frequently quotes in *Facundo* from Villemain and from Volney and many other masters of French thought. Everywhere might be observed this sign of constant spiritual communion with France, so favorable to the development of the national mind.

The influence that Taine and Renan

¹ Esteban Echeverría: one of the leading Argentine poets, was born in Buenos Aires, September 2, 1805. He spent much time in France, where he became impregnated with romanticism, which he undertook to spread, upon his return to Argentina, in 1830. Among his poems are: *Consuelos*, *Rimas*, *La cautiva*, *Cantos a mayo* and *El ángel caído*. Owing to his activity as a leader in the Asociación de Mayo, a patriotic organization, the tyrant Rosas banished him, and he spent his last days in Montevideo. He died, January 19, 1851. A statue, in the garden of Palermo, Buenos Aires, honors his memory.—THE EDITOR.

² Juan Bautista Alberdi: an Argentine diplomat, jurist and author. He was born in Tucumán, August 10, 1810. From Montevideo he combated the dictatorship of Rosas. He was an ardent opponent of the Monroe Doctrine, considering it a menace to his country. He was the minister of Argentina at Washington and at a number of European courts, and the author of many important political and economic works (*Obras completas*, 8 volumes, *Obras póstumas*, 16 volumes).—THE EDITOR.

³ Domingo F. Sarmiento: born in the city of San Juan, February 15, 1811, died in Asunción, Paraguay, September 11, 1888; an Argentine president, soldier, statesman, diplomat, educator, author. He took a prominent part against Rosas, and, like many of his fellow-countrymen of the period, he spent some time in exile. He lived in Chile from 1840-1852. He became minister at Washington, and while in the United States he was very intimate with Horace Mann. He was president from 1868 until 1874. The most important developments in education took place under his guidance. His complete works, published in Buenos Aires by his nephew, Augusto Belín Sarmiento, fill fifty-two volumes. *Facundo*, sketches of country life, his most widely known work, has been translated into a number of languages. It was translated into English by Mrs. Horace Mann, and published in New York in 1868, with the title "Life in the Argentine Republic."—THE EDITOR.

exerted later in the philosophical shaping of our culture, is unquestionably considerable, as likewise that of Guyau, Ribot, Tarde, and Fouillée more recently.

As to literature and poetry, it may be affirmed that their frequency has almost always been beneficial and fruitful among us in renewing our esthetics and our literary expression, giving to the style of our prose writers and to the verse of the new

singers a conciseness, a sobriety, and a harmony full of charm and novelty.

In this brief outline and summary, which some time I shall amplify, it is not possible to make the detailed and interesting analysis that the subject demands. This will serve, however, to show how, through every epoch, our sharing of the spirit of France has been constant, intimate, and productive.



THE EARRINGS

BY

ADRIÁN M. ARÉVALO

A story, on an old theme, with a surprising and salutary ending—THE EDITOR.

"IT IS not possible, Adela; your fancies are going to plunge us into a bottomless abyss of misery. There will be nothing then to return to us the happy days you so sadly employ.

"You know well that my business is not going so well as we say it is.

"Your foolish imagination does not succeed in understanding the tremendous evil your demands of to-day will cause us to-morrow. You suppose, perhaps, that it is selfishness that dictates the narrow reasoning to which I appeal in order to make you understand that if you do not moderate your scandalous luxuriousness, to-day or to-morrow we are going to behold the baleful face of poverty with its accompaniment of calamities.

"Listen, Adela"

"Enough, Enrique; do not go on with your sermons that have no foundation. What difference does the two thousand *colones*,¹ the price of the much discussed earrings I ask of you, make?

"Any sort of lover—I do not mention a husband, tender and in love with his wife—would be able to satisfy this paltry fancy.

"You know well, Enrique, that to this ball will go the most select of our society, and, nevertheless, you wish me to play a ridiculous part, sending me without any jewelry to increase the brilliance of my eyes, in which, as you have told me, you behold yourself better looking than in a Venetian mirror.

"Yes, Enrique, you will buy me the earrings, even if we have to sell them again to-morrow."

"How, Adela; what will those say who see you with them on only once?"

"Simply that I do not like them, and that you are therefore realizing on them again."

"Impossible, Adela; it can not be."

"Ah, ungrateful and cruel husband; well did my father say that men at the beginning, when they are courting one, are splendid and generous, complacent and gallant, but hardly do they go out with you as their own than they become selfish and irritable!"

"But, woman, you are crazy! Where do you expect me to get the two thousand *colones* that the earrings will cost? Don't you know that often we awaken in the morning without even the daily household expenses? You are unjust, for you ought to understand that you put me in a grave situation!"

"Well, then, Enrique; if you do not get me the earrings that I beg of you, to shine on the night of the ball, I shall send those emeralds, which do not suit me any way, to the *montepío*,¹ and I shall order the servant to have them pawned in your name."

"Devil of a woman, you will not do that; do you not see that my discredit would be yours?"

"Nothing of that, my señor; this very day I shall send those green pebbles to the *montepío*, and if what they are willing to give for them is not sufficient to pay for the earrings, I shall go to my father and ask for the rest, and I shall show him the ticket where your name will shine in such a brilliant manner."

Poor Enrique, tormented by the exactions of his wife, and understanding that she was capable of anything, kept silent, without knowing what to reply. Suddenly a bright idea occurred to him at the moment, to get him out of his trouble, and he said to his wife:

"Very well, Adela; calm these out-

¹ Singular, *colón* (Columbus): the monetary unit of Costa Rica, based on the gold standard. It is divided into 100 *céntimos*. Under normal conditions the paper *colón* is worth about forty-five cents gold.—THE EDITOR

¹ Mount of pity, that is, pawnshop.—THE EDITOR.

breaks that lead to nothing; to-morrow you shall have the earrings."

"Now you see, stubborn husband; you ought to have told me that at the beginning, and not have given me such a bad moment as the one I have passed."

Let us see what was Enrique's idea!

He knew that Adela could not distinguish the true from the false (in the matter of precious stones, be it understood) and he determined to buy her some imitation ones.

"Besides," said Enrique to himself, "it is clear enough; a jewel, however false it may be, if it is used to set off a well-to-do person, must of necessity be genuine in the eyes of all the world, and we, according to appearances, are rich, or rather, we are held to be so, since until now no one knows the bad state of my affairs. Consequently I shall deceive Adela, and she, without knowing it, will hoax the crowd at the ball."

On the night of the day on which the ball was to take place, Adela was carried away with pleasure, and she considered herself the happiest creature on earth, for Enrique had brought her a magnificent case in the blue depths of which shone the longed-for earrings.

"Well, Enrique, since you will not take part in the ball, I am going with Sara," said Adela; "she came fifteen minutes ago, and she is awaiting me in the parlor."

"Run along then, wife, and dance aplenty. As you know, I can not go, as I have to fix up the accounts for the end of the year."

"Please make my excuses."

"I shall do it, rest assured; but you have not told me how the earrings look."

"Oh, magnificent! I never saw such *white* stones as these."

"Therefore I am going to the ball."

"Enchanting."

"Then good-by, my Enrique."

"Good-by, and don't make yourself dizzy."

Adela returned from the ball extremely agitated. She passed the rest of the night tossing on her couch, as if it were covered with thorns. The sheets seemed like flames to her.

Enrique noticed this, but he said nothing. He hoped that Adela would make clear the cause of her restlessness.

The following day, Enrique, seeing that Adela continued silent, asked her if anything had gone wrong at the ball, as she had passed the rest of the night much disturbed.

"Besides," he said to her, "I see you are very pale, and your black eyes have a violet circle about them. Tell me, did the excitement of the ball make you ill?"

"Ah, Enrique, it would have been better if I had not gone! I am afraid to tell you of the tremendous misfortune that has happened to me!"

"Very well, then; but what is it. Tell me quickly, as you are distressing me."

"Enrique, for Heaven's sake, I beg you, do not get angry; I promise you to do better."

"But, woman, will you ever tell me!"

"It is that . . . the diamonds of the earrings . . . perhaps because of the rapidity of a waltz I danced, and the truth is I do not remember with whom, disappeared from the settings, and when I found it out, I did not wish to create a disturbance so as not to have to tell a lie regarding our situation—which is indeed difficult. Pardon me my exactions, my Enrique; I swear to you that I shall improve!"

When Enrique saw the distress of Adela, he could only burst into laughter.

"But, Enrique," she said, "do you laugh? What! Do you find two thousand colones at the corner of the street?"

"Do not be worried, Adela; and let me tell you that you did well not to make a fuss, when you noticed the loss of the diamonds; for if you had done it, we should have been in a fine fix."

"Then . . . I did well to be quiet?"

"Yes, Adela; you did exactly right; for the diamonds that shone in your rosy ears . . . were . . . false!"

"False! *Jesús*, and how you deceived me!"

"Understand our situation, Adela."

"Yes, I understand it, Enrique, and from now on I shall not be the exacting Adela who puts you in straits, but the tender and affectionate wife that will help you to bear your daily worries."

ARGENTINE CROSS-CURRENTS

Two public utterances have been brought together under the above caption. The first article, *An Appeal to the People*, was published as a paid broadside in *La Nación* on August 26. Including the text and signatures, it filled a solid page and part of another, set in bold type, with a striking heading. The signatures have been omitted, as they would be without significance here. Some hundred and fifty of them are of men who reside in Buenos Aires, while more than three hundred are credited to the provinces. Among them, as the author of the second article points out, almost none of the prominent names of the capital appear, and in the entire list there is a significant absence of Teutonic names. In the appeal itself there is evidence of a determination not to allude in any way to the Central empires, which also is not wanting in instructiveness.

The second article, *The Iron Cross*, was published in *La Nota* on September 10. It, like the broadside, speaks for itself. After an analysis of the list of signatures, it points out the covert and then the real intent of the appeal, and it places the issue squarely before the Argentine nation as fundamentally moral and humanitarian, rather than economic and prudential, which its author claims to have been the level to which it was reduced by the framers of the appeal.—THE EDITOR.

I

AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE

WE, THE undersigned, moved by anxiety for the welfare of our country, issue a call to the inhabitants of the republic who are capable of judging without prejudice the circumstances of the present grave crisis of the world and its consequences to reflect dispassionately upon the international problems that affect the nation in this hour of uncertainty and disturbance.

It is in this manner that we ourselves have acted, with no other motive than the collective good, and without making distinctions on account of opinions or beliefs, parties or nationalities, as is demonstrated by the character of the signers. We are persons engaged in all the higher professions and activities. Some of us live in the capital, others on the provinces—a certain indication that our thinking and feeling are genuinely national. Among us are many who by their names of diverse foreign sources testify that in this act we are not impelled by, nor even permit to be felt, suggestions in favor of or against any of the nations at war, nor are we influenced by any prejudice of race, but only by a desire for the common welfare, calmly, reflectively, and reasonably considered.

In our opinion, it is an essential condition to the realization of this welfare, and the proper solution of these problems, that the government maintain its neutral-

ity with firmness, which is, besides, its elementary duty in the present horrible war. In this war, happily, no right, no vital interest of the nation, has either been compromised or trampled upon, with the deliberate purpose of offending us, by either of the belligerents, who, far from wishing to provoke our enmity, have shown an interest in retaining our friendship, a fortunate condition which we ought to maintain, against every intrigue, by a circumspect and impartial conduct.

We ought, therefore, not to consider as the action of any government the imprudent propaganda of certain groups that think to serve the nations at war that have a claim upon their sympathies by means of it. For do not these circles attempt to disseminate the idea that the reduction of the number of ships that come to our ports, with the consequent unnecessary rise in freights and merchandise, is not the direct result of the war, but a form of disguised but deliberate pressure on the part of some government, with the object of bringing us face to face with the odious dilemma of want or unconditional friendship? Do they not announce that, with the same design, when the time shall come for exporting our crops, the arrival of vessels at our ports will be prevented, thus causing the ruin of the country?

In proclaiming these ideas they certainly can not believe them, since it would give proof of bad judgment, and of ignorance of national character to believe that by such unfriendly means it would be possible to gain the good will of a proud and worthy people. What they seek is to

awaken vague apprehensions, with the thought that the threatened interests will adopt the course they desire, and they will obtain from the government that passes through such straits, to a condition that will merit their sympathy, what they have in mind. The people have discovered that all this is but a pretext. They know our economic life has not suffered from other circumstances than those that are the direct consequence of the war. They realize that there is no occasion to fear measures of this kind, since they would be as harmful to those who inflict them as to ourselves. They would deprive themselves of our products, which are indispensable for the subsistence of their people and the maintenance of their armies.

To the extent of their needs, the governments that can do so will send vessels to obtain our products. Beyond this extent they will not go, for bottoms are not available. We repeat that it is all nothing but propaganda, unsubstantial and imprudent propaganda. No government that sincerely desires our friendship would be capable of committing the blunder of trying to secure it by such means. If perhaps any believe the contrary, there can be no doubt that the Argentine Government, interpreting the national feeling, would know how to improve the occasion to let all feel that a manifestation of proper respect and consideration is the only means that will lead to obtaining its friendship.

If the worst comes to the worst, however, and the pessimistic predictions are fulfilled, we may be sure the government and the people will have the wisdom and the firmness to withstand the consequent disturbance, just as they have supported the internal perturbations that domestic commerce has suffered on account of the "black lists" and other unfriendly proceedings, for the discussion of the legitimacy of which this is not the moment, but which must be denounced on account of the excessive manner in which they have been exploited by the circles that have hoped to grow rich by means of them. With equal wisdom and moderation ought to be treated all the questions that grow out of blockade and capture, which, being

essentially juridical, ought, in compliance with Argentine tradition, to be settled by arbitration, and which only by some mental aberration could be made a pretext for severing ancient, cordial, and profitable diplomatic relations. Let us look ahead. The peoples that were strong before the war will continue to be relatively strong after the war is over. The war will weaken them, but it will not destroy any of them. The friendship of each and all will then be as necessary for us as it has been in the past. Let us be careful to preserve these precious friendships as a powerful factor in our progress.

In our reflections we have not lost sight of American solidarity, another argument of the propagandists to which we have referred. We do not dissent from this doctrine, we stand by it, but solidarity involves relations of interdependence between equals. Otherwise, there is no solidarity, but only obsequious subservience. We desire solidarity then. We desire that there shall exist among the American peoples the bond of friendship upon which may be based not only an international juridical scheme that shall for ever secure for them the benefits of peace with national integrity and independence, but also an economic and social scheme wherein each of them with the coöperation of the rest, and without loss of sovereignty, shall develop its intellectual and moral qualities, with the ethical progress of the continent at the same time as the result. This, however, must be without rivalry with Europe, without preferences that shall exclude Europe, whence we originated and whence have issued the elements of every kind by means of which we have become what we are. When we say Europe, we do not refer to certain nations in preference to others, since all have contributed by their valuable aid to our progress; and we shall need them all in the future for further development in order to achieve the degree of civilization to which we aspire.

This equal deference is doubly binding upon Argentina, since it is the country that received these elements in the largest proportion, accumulating them until it has made itself completely European.

An opinion expressed a short time ago in Europe verifies this statement:

Argentina is no longer a South American nation, but a European nation in South America.

Light is shed by this expression that will illuminate our pathway through the confusion of the moment. We ought to examine the conduct of the neutral governments of Europe, and, in so far as may seem proper to us, follow it, since they have the advantage of us in experience, which gives presumption of wisdom. Nevertheless, we ought not to forget that it is not admissible for an American nation, however large or small it be, to compromise the solidarity of the continent by its sole act, moved by ideas and expediencies of its own, without a previous understanding with the rest of the nations of the continent. Only a congress of all may trace the line of conduct that each of them ought to pursue in compliance with the duties of solidarity. It is well to remember that with wise prevision our government has taken steps to assemble such a congress, for the realization of which it would be pleasing to see it put forth its most decided effort.

Will the Argentine Government take part in this congress? We think it will, and the other governments of America will participate also; and, aside from the private ends that each of the belligerents has in view, and which it will seek to have prevail in the peace congress, they will all proclaim other objects that concern the whole world, and in the solution of which therefore all the constituent states of America have a right to interfere. These ends, if it be true that those who are charged with expressing them have done so with frankness and truth, are as follows: the equality of all sovereign states; the development of all nations, large and small, in equal conditions, each according to its character; an international organization of a new juridical type capable of guaranteeing humanity against future wars; the evolution and strengthening of democracy in all the states. It ought to be observed that, according to appearances, in the new ideas monarchy and democracy will not be incompatible, since

England, Italy, Japan, Belgium, Servia, Roumania, Greece and Montenegro, which must work together in the achievement of the desired end, have not officially disclosed the purpose of changing their form of government. Moreover, it may be said that in the new juridical order, at least as it is conceived of by those who would model their organization on the Monroe Doctrine, the most powerful states of Europe are to take in hand the administration and enforcement of the new order of things in the Old World, while the United States exclusively would be charged with administering and enforcing it in America, with the exception of the English possessions. The United States would not take issue with Europe in this arrangement; but neither would it permit Europe to discuss with it what it is minded to do. Such designs unquestionably affect Argentina keenly, although not all of them to the same extent. This is not the time to discuss them. It will be sufficient to point them out. We think there will be no difference of public opinion as to the solution which, from the standpoint of our sovereignty, ought to be given to them.

What is interesting for the moment is to observe that the rulers and publicists who proclaimed the purposes have omitted a detail of the most practical and highly important character. The omission can be explained: preoccupied with preventing wars in the future, they have neither admitted nor contemplated the possibility of their repetition. Prudence, however, counsels that this be not overlooked, if only because it is more in accordance with human nature as it has exhibited itself in the long course of history. So, in the peace congress, without regarding lightly the other issues alluded to, the delicate problem of the rights of neutrals during war ought to be elucidated. It is hardly necessary to insist upon the supreme importance for Argentina this solution will have, the study of which might well be one of the topics to be submitted to the American congress already mentioned.

After the abrogation of the convention of London, the commerce of neutrals during the war has been reduced to extremely limited proportions, and has been

exposed to unforeseen difficulties. We must put ourselves resolutely on guard against the repetition of a similar condition of affairs, and we must undertake to see to it that the rights of neutrals are defined and marked out in a precise and clear manner, and that they are firmly guaranteed. Is it reasonable to expect that the powerful nations that as belligerents have trampled upon the rights of neutrals will be the ones to furnish such guaranties and give a just definition and delimitation to the very rights they have failed to respect? It would be puerile to expect such a thing. The neutrals themselves are the ones upon whom it is binding to safeguard their interests in the peace negotiations. This being true, is it not clear that Argentina must not desert her position among the neutrals? Argentina can not participate in the next peace congress as a follower of another government that shall hold her in tutelage. She must take part, we hope, by her own right as a neutral in defining and guaranteeing the rights of neutrals with the authority involved in her having been able to maintain neutrality during the war.

As a satellite of another government! We mean that, in our judgment, from the moment we abandon our neutrality, the attraction of superior forces would drag us, in spite of ourselves, into a sphere where we must play the part of a satellite. It is binding upon us to avoid it. Let us not abandon our point of moral vantage: the obligation to remain neutral. Firm in it, we shall be strong against all enticement.

Finally: before the war, men of all the

nations of the world who wished to dwell upon Argentine soil, in search of happiness under the shelter of the peace, justice and liberty promised by the Argentine constitution, found when they came here, without acceptance of nationalities, the cordial welcome of the people, whose frank, just, and generous spirit was well interpreted in this promise. They loved the Argentine soil and people; they contributed to Argentina's greatness; they considered themselves in their own country; they spread through the world the fame of the excellence of the Argentine character, the source and solid foundation of the international policy, impartial, just, courteous toward all nations, which is traditional in the government of the nation. If we love this tradition of ours; if we wish the Argentine soil to continue after the war to be the center of attraction for the men of all the world, according to the promise of our fathers, it is easy enough to achieve it: let us comply with our duty; let us maintain neutrality. Our recompense, apart from the satisfaction of having done right, will be that the good reputation of Argentine character will suffer no decline, and the men of the world will come in greater numbers than ever before, sure of finding here justice, peace, liberty, well-being. Thus shall we continue to nourish ourselves and grow with the best sap of the European peoples.

For the realization of a benefit as great as this, let the government do its duty; let it preserve its neutrality; and, on their part, the people ought to be ready to lend to the government their most decided support.

II

THE IRON CROSS

BY

ALBERTO GERCHUNOFF

THE neutrals have spoken to the people. Who are the neutrals? It would be very difficult to determine precisely their social physiognomy.

Aside from their ecclesiastical and socialistic character, interpreted in the light

of genuine signatures from Córdoba and of the adhesion of a few aristocratic patronymics, the others are citizens about whom it would not be easy to vouchsafe an opinion, on account of their acknowledged vagueness. The manifesto brings them before the world for the first time, and this

historical baptism assuredly has not increased their importance. We do not know who they are; we only know they are few in number. Indeed, any committee to arrange for a floral tournament in the calle Pedro Mendoza brings together more citizens. Nevertheless, the meager list is offered us as unanimously representative of the republic, and as a genuine expression of our society. The signers represent the most diverse activities and they comprise the most conflicting tendencies. They themselves assert this.

They do not represent the nation. They constitute too small a nucleus to speak for it; so meager in fact that by its pitiful smallness it proclaims the paltriness of the sheaf of names gathered, hat in hand, by dint of a persistent campaign that has not omitted from its immense labor the zealous preachments of the clergy and the powerful influence of the monasteries. This is proven by the representation of Córdoba, the most numerous of all. It is not the same with the other provinces that share in the glory of recommending neutrality to us with conspicuous languor. Entre Ríos, for example, confines its paltry mite to two names, which, it must be admitted, do not epitomize local aristocratic tradition. The Buenos Aires names included in the manifesto are not to be considered as of the best society. With the exception of a few, there are wanting precisely those that, by reason of their fame and family connections, belong to the higher class. This string of appellatives, small as it is, is extremely promiscuous. From it are missing those that figure in every manifestation of society or culture.

In regard to the pompous significance of national activities, something similar is to be noted. Not even the medical men, the list of whom is so long in our country, have been willing to inscribe their names; and this, in spite of the fact that the physicians, affected by the fashion for German science, are wont to bestow their sympathies upon the Central empires because of their professional admiration for the Teutonic pharmacopœia and for the abundance of orthopœdic apparatus of that make. Few are the learned men of this kind who have signed the document.

Why continue to analyze, however? Neither society nor science nor literature loom large in this timid Germanophile insinuation. Its most pronounced expression accords with a rigid clericalism, frankly wedded to the socialists, united by an identical idea—that neutrality is expedient for us because it is profitable, because it will benefit our commerce. At bottom this is not what gives the organizers of this public exposition of Germanic ideas so much concern. If they had had the courage of their opinions, they would have said simply that they desire the defeat of the Allies, that they wish to see the triumph of Prussia. It is that they are Prussians by temperament and political conviction. They do not avow it, because such doctrines openly shock the conscience of the nation; whence the neutral mask that gives to their attitude an aspect of shame. If this fear had not interposed, we should have beheld appear upon this feeble group the breast-plate forged for half a century to stifle contemporary civilization with its weight. Nevertheless, they have not been able to prevent the peak of the helmet from showing, just as the socialist representatives of the Reichstag, in their propaganda throughout Italy and Roumania, have not succeeded in concealing their true character as agents of the Kaiser. This is the lamentable part of it. Their want of frankness exposes them to considerations that are but slightly respectful. They call themselves neutral. At this stage of the war neutrals are not possible. The world is divided into Allies and Germanophiles. It is worse when the latter aggravate their sad plight by concealing their real feelings. They prove by this means that they are aware of their mistake; and if they persist in maintaining it as a policy to be recommended, it is because of a mental or moral defect. They are therefore Germanophiles and not neutrals. They confessed as much at the beginning of the war.

Let us charge ourselves with reminding them of it, inasmuch as, from the first days of the ravaging of Belgium, we have fulfilled our duty as Argentines by protesting against the monstrous iniquity, and we have believed in the absolute triumph

of the countries of liberty and justice, since upon this twofold devotion is founded the historical tradition of our republic.

Let us examine the leading ideas of the manifesto other than these purely moral reflections. Why do they recommend neutrality to us? They favor it because it is expedient. And this is avowed by a man like don Indalecio Gómez, who is manifestly the editor of the statement. It is painful to behold a spirit so lofty and serene descend to such reasoning. It is a question of a statesman whose keen and vigorous intellect his most obdurate adversaries have been pleased to recognize. A statesman of such stature ought not to lower the position of the country he has governed with brilliancy to a mere consideration of utility. On the other hand, don Indalecio Gómez knows very well that the huge conflict is not a simple struggle of economic interests. It is a war of races, or rather, a conflict of ideals. The nations at war are tragically contending over a supreme principle of policy. Just as the Central powers uphold by their deeds a system of absolutism and a crudely material conception of life, so the Allies are sacrificing themselves to impart a worthier conception of man, a loftier idea of his dignity. Belgium and Serbia have immolated themselves in recognition of this dignity, and the United States has plunged into the war in defense of a doctrine, in the grip of a moral abstraction. The struggle in this dark hour is for honor and not for the conquest of markets. This is proved by the participation of North America, which, as Wilson said in a memorable form, will not recover a single dollar of the incalculable sum it must spend in support of its contingents. What need to mention North America? Belgium, by its conduct, constitutes the most impressive proof that it is not an economic war. The manifesto edited by Dr. Indalecio Gómez speaks to us only of economics.

Señor Gómez is a religious soul. He has learned how to give his militant piety a magisterial air that completes the supreme distinction of his whole figure, to such a point that we think of him almost as of a Roman cardinal of other times, as much absorbed in his devotions as in his Virgil.

This is according to his esthetics and his style. However, if any one is obliged to forget for an instant the economic connections of society, and withdraw himself with noble good taste from the Marxian fabric, it is without doubt this ancient aristocrat of parliaments and governments. Señor Gómez does not hold himself aloof from the socialist deputy, his predilect comrade in the neutral list. Not one word of idealism or disinterestedness stands out above the logic of the stock-exchange, with which this pacifist page of the bourgeoisie watching the progress of the market, is redolent from top to bottom. Not even one of those sentences of fictitious concord, couched in the language of the Vatican, softens the dismal round of this chapter in favor of the Germans. It might be said that the illustrious public man had forgotten that the destiny of nations is trembling in the distant trenches. He forgets that the future of history, the entire fate of humanity is being darkly wrought out amid the clamor of Titanic battles: the fires of Bukowina and of the Carpathians lightened the liberty of Russia; the retreat of the Marne and the victory of Verdun renewed by their sublime results the creative energy of the French spirit; England has merged with her colonies upon a new and vigorous foundation of historical unity; Japan has joined Europe and has accepted the standards of the white societies. This has grown out of the war provoked by the general staff in Berlin. Social and ethnic problems are becoming cleared and radically solved by these majestic events. An entire civilization, in short, is staked against the representatives of Gothic barbarity, which, in the fury of the Kaiser and the diplomacy of Wilhelmstrasse, repeats the patriarchal despotism of the Hohenzollerns and the brigand feudalism of the burgraves. This war is the most profound social revolution that human society has ever known; and in the presence of this cataclysmic struggle, a statesman like don Indalecio Gómez can hardly be said to indicate the way with his arguments of sordid prudence: the sale of wheat, relations with our purchasers and purveyors. On the other hand, these neutrals will not take into account something more grave

and serious—the position of our country among civilized nations. It is Dr. Gómez who assigns to Argentina the exclusive rôle of an agency. In occupying himself with her commerce, when he ought to be concerned over her moral prestige, he reduces her to a simple producer of wealth. He is more interested in her customs' receipts than in her dignity, in which, sad to say, he participates in the socialistic dialectics.

We who respect Dr. Gómez as a learned jurist and as a patriot of elevated spirit have read this colorless manifesto with regret. We hold that such subjects are clear to his judgment; but, moved by his Germanophile sentiments, he has been warped from his just interpretation. It is for this reason that it has occurred to him to study simply the economic situation of the country, in an hour so critical and mysterious; and when he has attempted to outline a plan for a transcendent policy he falls into the incredible error of proposing arbitration for questions of national honor—a thing unforeseen until now—that his good sense would have rejected with disdainful irony under any other circumstances. The proximity of the socialists have prejudiced him, however. By compromising with them and with the Germanophiles, he ends by being more of a socialist and a German than an Argentine and a statesman.

The doctrine that a war between other countries ought not to disturb us is the least acceptable of all at this moment. Even more: it is the doctrine that will bring least honor to the Argentine people. It is the doctrine of those small nations that do not aspire to be taken into account, because of their utter insignificance. In the mouth of a Liberian minister such ideas are comprehensible, but in no way are they admissible as a formula for our country, which was born into an historical existence by standing for an ideal common to the American continent, the ideal of the liberty and sovereignty of peoples. To desire

neutrality when no one is neutral is equivalent to dreaming of an exclusive destiny of shopkeepers for the republic, or moral death, since nations live only when animated by a generous idea—a beneficent germ of spiritual life.

The inevitable fall of Germany will be due to this. It has conceived its collective existence to be a fabulous projection of its factories of howitzers and spinning-wheels. Germany will fall because it is not a free people: it is a coöperative association with an infinite capacity for aggression. A capacity devoted to aggression stirs, as it expands, another capacity for similar expansion, and it is inevitably vanquished when it finds itself facing countries that, if necessary, unite with their power to destroy the heroic aptitude for sacrificing themselves for justice. Argentina must figure among the proud nations of liberty and justice, since liberty and justice served her as an initial impulse.

It does not matter that it is expedient for us to remain neutral. Our dignity is of more importance. This is why Argentina is with the Allies. Whether our halting diplomacy is minded or not to believe in Germany's word of honor, after what happened in Belgium, whether the colorless Germanist group will or not, we are Allies because we belong to civilization.

This was demonstrated in the pro-Ally meeting of Frontón and in the homage which we rendered to the United States. The Argentine heart showed itself to be upright on both occasions, and the signers of the manifesto are not the ones who will convince us of the contrary. The object of this call to neutrality is to restrain that visible attitude. They have only succeeded in evidencing the paucity of Germanophile opinion in our country, shared between the good clericals and socialists, taking refuge under the shadow of the iron cross with which the Kaiser, as the industrial partner of God, rewards his abject vassals.

THE TRAIL OF DON ANTONIO PÉREZ

ROMÁN CALVO, THE CHILEAN SHERLOCK HOLMES

BY

MIGUEL DE FUENZALIDA

A story with much local color, in which Román Calvo solves the mystery that surrounded the person, previous career and putative fortune of a supposed Spaniard, resident in Santiago, whose life terminated abruptly while he was in the act of writing a letter that would have cleared all the difficulties. Román Calvo follows the inductive method of Poe's Dupin and Doyle's Sherlock Holmes, but he introduces a new element by appeal to the planisphere and logarithmic calculations.—THE EDITOR.

I

WE LIVE in frightfully skeptical times. Thus, for example, there are not wanting still some persons who doubt the real and effective existence of Román Calvo. These unbelievers suppose that it is a question of an imaginary personage, invented by my fancy to entertain, successfully or unsuccessfully, the readers of the *Pacífico Magazine*.

So it is with my friend Fernando Pérez.

In the autumn of 1915 I happened on him at the club,¹ where I had not seen him for several months. The poor fellow was not any too well supplied with money. The European war had caught him speculating on a rise, and he had to liquidate on the worst possible terms.

The fall of Pérez made a great noise. He was a generally liked young fellow, who moved in the best society, and who had the reputation of being very rich. His fortune was estimated at two or three million pesos,² and when the creditors met, the evil-minded got it into their heads that the poor boy had hidden away a good part of his property. They could not believe that an unlucky operation on the bourse could have reduced to nothing so considerable a capital.

Nevertheless, he was able to recover his honor, and the fact is that all his creditors were paid in full. If he could be reproached for anything, it was the haste

with which he announced his failure. With a little nerve and patience, the rise in values, which immediately followed, would have saved him.

In Santiago any rascal who goes bankrupt, catches half the world, by making use of low tricks, disappears for a year or so, and then appears again everywhere as fresh as ever, never fails to find still some means to pull his business together and people who will help him. There are those who have repeated this same feat more than once.

Pérez, who had nothing to be ashamed of, was probably going to have greater difficulty in straightening out his affairs. Unable to do business even with a negro, as we are accustomed to say, or to ask for a loan, after what had happened, it was natural for him not to return to the bourse.

"That is finished," he said to me. "Fortunately, poverty took me as a bachelor, which is an advantage. I shall find something to do. Yes, indeed; I have resolved to leave Santiago. The new way of living and my situation will be less hard elsewhere."

"With your talent and your aptitude for work, everything will come to your aid," I said to him, by way of consolation.

Fernando shrugged his shoulders.

"Pah!" he replied; "I think it is not the right time. I am going on thirty-five, and I have not the knack. I was born rich, with everything done for me."

"But you were able to increase your patrimony."

"Not so much as people believe. In

¹ Club de la Unión, in Santiago, one of the leading clubs of South America.—THE EDITOR.

² The Chilean *peso* at present ranges in value from twenty to twenty-five cents.—THE EDITOR.

1899 I inherited more than three hundred thousand pesos in property. If I had not worked at anything, I should have to-day possibly a million and a half. But I was struck by the accursed idea of shifting my investments, and, without knowing how, I found myself caught in the meshes of the bourse. For years and years I succeeded in defending myself, but nothing more than that. Now everything, or almost everything, has been swept away. There only remains to me a hope of being rich, but it is so remote, so ridiculous, so absurd, that it is hardly worth while to give it a thought."

"Some mine?"

"Worse than a mine or almost as uncertain as a mine . . . I see you are curious. Well, then, take a seat here, and while you have your whiskey and soda, I shall show you what my hope is. I have it here. Now that I remember, you like rare and extraordinary cases, as is seen by the stories you publish in the *Pacífico*."

Fernando took out an elegant case of morocco and looked through it for a moment. At last he found what he was hunting for: it was a sheet of bluish paper, of the kind in use half a century ago for writing letters, full of wrinkles and folds and all the signs of having been much handled.

On this paper were written, in a trembling hand, the following lines:

Santiago, April 18, 1860.

SEÑOR DON FELIPE PÉREZ FERRADA

MY DEAR SON: You will find this letter near my will. I had believed I had the right to carry to the tomb the secret that it will reveal to you, but to-day, when this secret may be worth a fortune to you, it is my duty to make you the owner of it. I wish you yourself to be the. . . .

The paper said nothing more. After reading it, I looked at my friend as if to interrogate him about it.

"That is all," said Pérez. "You see now it is little enough."

"But what does this letter mean, or rather, this beginning of a letter?"

"I am going to tell you all I know. The paper you have just read was written by my grandfather, don Antonio Pérez, a few moments before dying. He was going

to set down in it, as you see, a secret that involved a fortune."

I smiled.

"Some plan of a mine?" I remarked.

"You have returned to your idea of mines. Such a thing has not entered the mind of my father or myself. My grandfather was never a miner. Listen then with patience. The history of this paper is very simple. Don Antonio Pérez died of a cerebral hemorrhage. My father, still very young at that time, found him one night unconscious, stretched upon the floor of his study. All the efforts of science were unavailing to save his life, and he died without being able to utter a word. On the following day, when his documents were arranged, this paper that you have just read was found upon his work table. The probability is that the attack came upon him at the very moment in which he was writing."

"And have you no other information?"

"My father related to me several times the slightest details that might have any connection with the case. According to him, don Antonio seemed disturbed, restless and nervous during the last days of his life—unquestionably on account of that same secret, which he thought he ought to reveal to his son. Without doubt, there must have been something mortifying to him in the secret mentioned."

"It would be necessary to study minutely the previous life of the gentleman," I remarked. "It may be that this would put us on the track."

"Just what we have done, but without clearing up anything. As you must know, my grandfather was a Spaniard. He arrived in Chile in 1817, a little after the battle of Chacabuco,¹ and he became naturalized in the country. As he was a man of talent, and, as it is said, very attractive, it was not long before he achieved for

¹A city about fifty miles northeast of Santiago. Here the Independents gained an important victory over the Spaniards, February 12, 1817, in the struggle for the liberation of the west coast, after General Juan de San Martín had crossed the Andes with his Argentine army and effected a union with the forces of General Bernardo O'Higgins of Chile. The famous charge of O'Higgins is said to have decided the issue of the battle.—THE EDITOR.

himself a good position. At his death he occupied an important office in the treasury. He left almost no fortune, and no life could be less mysterious or eventful than his. He married, when he was already well along in years, in 1830, my grandmother, doña Tránsito Canales, of one of the oldest families of Santiago. My father was his only son, and I his only grandson. We have looked everywhere with care—but I have already told you . . . not the least vestige . . . !”

“Some treasure . . . in those days of Chacabuco, they say the Spaniards buried their *onzas*¹ in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the insurgents.”

“Nor is that probable, either. My grandfather brought no fortune, and he never had any, as I have already told you. Besides, why so much dramatic mystery, if it was an affair of a simple burying. Why the care to hide it from all the world? No, Miguel; it is a question here of a family secret. Of this I am convinced, and to clear it up, it would be necessary to inquire into the history of my grandfather before his coming to Chile.”

“What do you know about it?”

“Absolutely nothing, or a little less than nothing. My grandfather was a Spaniard, and his name was Antonio Pérez. From this point of departure it has not been possible to advance a step.”

“Impossible! your grandfather married in Chile; and he must have given information regarding the period of his bachelorhood.”

“We do not find it anywhere.”

“But his marriage license: it should establish the name of his parents and the place of his birth.”

“It does not; the case was frequent at that time.² It was simply: ‘Antonio Pérez, a native of Spain.’”

¹ In full, *onzas de oro*, ounces of gold: gold coins worth about \$20.00, and minted in Spain from the time of Felipe III (1578-1621) until that of Fernando VII (1808-1833, with interruptions during the Napoleonic intervention).

² For example, it happened thus in the marriage license of don Diego Portales.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

Diego José Portales (Santiago, 1793-1837) was a noted Chilean patriot and statesman, who might be deemed the Alexander Hamilton of his country, both because of his influence as a conserving and consolidating force, and because of his untimely end. He was shot to death near Valparaíso, as the victim of a conspiracy.—THE EDITOR.

“Then search the registers of births in Spain.”

“Are you crazy? We do not know with certainty even the date of his birth. When he came to Chile he might as easily have been twenty-six years old, as thirty-six, or perhaps older.”

“Then look through a period of from six to eight years about the probable date.”

“Yes—in fifteen thousand parishes—and still more; have you calculated how many persons, born every year in Spain, bear the name of Antonio Pérez. It is a curious fact of statistics. Of all the Spaniards, two and a tenth per cent. have the surname of Pérez. About 1790 there were born in Spain some two hundred and fifty thousand males, of whom therefore more than five thousand bore the name of Pérez. The name Antonio is so common that it may be calculated that four per cent. of all the males are given it. The total number of those called Antonio Pérez would be for each year about two hundred, or in eight years sixteen hundred. This would be a story without an end. And how could we investigate the life, deeds and previous condition of so many hundreds of persons, almost all obscure and forgotten? And if there has been a change of name. . . . You must understand, therefore, Miguel, the necessity of giving up this heroic means of solving the problem. My father, when he was in Spain in 1880, attempted to do it; but he soon became convinced that he was going to lose his time. He published, indeed, announcements in the newspapers, offering a large reward to any one who would give news of a certain Antonio Pérez who went to America about 1817, and, although he received many replies, not one of them could refer to my grandfather.”

“You are right. This is a case for Román Calvo.”

“Yet wait a little. I, who also pride myself on being an investigator, stumbled, some years ago, on a document in the National library that I thought was going to put me on the track. It was a communication of the *corregidor*¹ of Petorca, ad-

¹ Without an exact equivalent in English: literally, a corrector, but in practice, an official, appointed

dressed, in 1817, to the government in Santiago, and which contained a most interesting item: the name of the ship in which my grandfather came to Chile. The good corregidor confined himself to announcing to the supreme director¹ that, for a number of days, a Spaniard named Antonio Pérez had been in Petorca, and 'remained ashore,' he says, 'at Pichidangui when the brigantine *Zulema* touched there in January of that year. This name might be the thread of the skein. But, mark you, it has not been possible to find in the registers of the Spanish merchant marine any ship of this name. We have looked also in the English and North American registers, and in those of all the nations whose vessels traded at that time in these seas . . . nothing . . . not a *Zulema*.'

"Nevertheless," I observed, "*Zulema* is a Spanish woman's name. I have understood that it is of Mozarabic origin."

"Its origin ought to be ten thousand devils!" replied Fernando; "since, you see, everything hangs on it."

"Then, my son, there is no remedy for this but Román Calvo."

"But, does this Román Calvo exist?"

"Of course; and we are going to see him immediately, too."

II

Román was in a good humor and, contrary to what had been his custom, he had not the slightest objection to listening to my friend.

"They have brought me nothing for a long time except investigations of crime," he said. "Nothing so tiresome. This is more interesting; it has an historical flavor that enchants . . . decidedly. It is my vocation. Tell me about it."

Fernando Pérez repeated word for word the confidences he had just made to me. When he related that about the brigantine *Zulema*, Román detained him with a gesture.

"The name of a woman, is it not?" he asked. "It is Arabic, or it passes for such."

by the crown, who exercised in a more or less definite district the functions at the same time of magistrate and mayor or civil governor.—THE EDITOR.

¹The title of supreme director was given to the first chief executives of Chile and Argentina.—THE EDITOR.

I think I have run across it in dramas or novels. Here some ladies bear it or have borne it. Are you sure that it begins with Z?"

"No. But in my investigations I have looked for it with Z, with S and even with Sh in the foreign registers. Also it might be Zuleina. Be assured that I have not made a hasty search. Do you think there might have been a mistake in the spelling? I have taken that supposition into account. I have found nothing that nearly or remotely resembles *Zulema*."

"I suspected it," said Román Calvo gravely.

He arose from his seat and began to pace up and down his office.

"I can congratulate you," I said to Fernando. "When this man starts to think thus, he never fails to hit the nail on the head."

The procedures of Román are always unexpected. He took an atlas from his library, and opened it on the page that contained a general planisphere of the world.

Scratching his head, he went on examining it a moment.

We did not know what to think.

After some minutes of study, he seated himself again, provided this time with a volume of *La connaissance des temps* and a table of logarithms.

"You are going to solve the case by means of astronomy?" I asked him, filled with surprise.

"Who knows?" he replied, laughing. "You will be kind enough to wait a moment. I must make some calculations that will require time."

He went on filling sheet after sheet with figures. Román, contrary to what might be expected, was a sufficiently rapid mathematician.

Suddenly he raised his head, at the moment when he seemed to be most absorbed in his work.

"Tell me, señor Pérez," he asked, "did your grandfather speak Spanish with a Valencian accent?"

More than stupefaction, it was rather terror, that was painted upon Fernando's face.

"The devil!" he exclaimed, "I didn't

tell him that. How did he divine it? Are you a wizard? Yes, señor, I heard my father say several times that Spaniards noticed in my grandfather a certain Valencian accent. Therefore his investigations were directed mainly toward the province of Valencia, but with the negative result about which you know."

"Román wishes to make us believe," I remarked, "that he has deduced this Valencian accent from the calculations he is making."

"Naturally," answered the stupendous personage with the greatest self-possession, "and whence then do you think I might have secured it?"

"I am going to tell you about it. Now that I remember, Zulema or Zulena was the name of a queen of Valencia in the time of the Moors . . . then . . ."

Román Calvo began to laugh.

"Then," he added, "the person who travels in a ship that bears the name of an ancient queen of Valencia must be a Valencian—a sublime logic yours! See here, Miguel, it is better for you not to go into politics. Understand that there has never been any queen of Valencia with a name like that, if it were not in the imagination of Harzembuch, twenty years after 1817. Now you see you are on the wrong track."

"But then?"

"What you have said. I have just deduced from these calculations that the señor Antonio Pérez spoke with a Valencian accent.

"Did the *Zulema* come from Valencia?"

"Probably it was never there."

"You are making fun of us. Have you calculated the voyage of the ship without knowing the port from which it sailed, or even its nationality?"

"Exactly, or almost exactly. I know that it was at Pichidangui in January, 1817, and that its name was *Zulema*. The rest is a question of calculation."

"But, even if this mathematical absurdity were possible, what has it to do with the accent of one of its passengers? You would be able to solve the problem that people are wont to give pupils in mathematics as a jest: a ship a hundred and fifty feet long, twenty-four feet wide

and twenty-seven feet deep, what is its captain's name?"

"You exaggerate a little. But I could affirm that the ship you mention was old."

"Why?"

"Because modern vessels are constructed with very different dimensions. They are longer in proportion to their breadth, and they have more draft."

"The egg of Columbus."

"But you will see later that the other affair is almost as simple as this. I must still get certain details. When the investigation is terminated, I shall not fail to notify you."

We took leave.

"I believe," Fernando said to me as we left, "that this gentleman has been making fun of us. This about the Valencian accent of my grandfather, which is indeed a fact, gives me a little to think of; but it may well be that he chanced on the idea by some means or other."

"As for me," I answered, "I do not understand it entirely."

"Then you think he is capable?"

"Of absolutely everything."

III

Four months passed, however, and my confidence began to weaken. Román gave no signs of life.

"The great rascal!" I was thinking; "a fine joke he has played on us! The idea that numbers like those had any serious purpose would not have entered the head of a donkey. To discover by means of logarithms that a person who traveled in a ship named *Zulema*, and who was in Pichidangui in 1817, had a Valencian accent! The doings of this Román Calvo have muddled my brain! How could I have believed him?"

My surprise therefore was great when one afternoon I came on him in my office as fresh as you please.

"I came to tell you," he said without other preamble, "that the investigation that interests your friend Fernando Pérez is concluded."

I choked back the scolding that I had purposed to give him.

"Then," I stammered, "it was not a joke of yours?"

"Have you believed such a thing?"

"That trick of the numbers and logarithms, in an affair that had nothing whatever to do with mathematics! And then, you would have me swallow this about deducing from calculations that Fernando's grandfather had a Valencian accent. It was too much."

"Too simple, you will see. At last you are going to understand my methods. Now you will cease to believe that I had imagined this gentleman to be a Valencian because he traveled in a vessel that bore the name of a queen of Valencia, invented twenty years after the event. This indeed was too much. And then you make fun of my logarithms."

"Shall you finally explain everything?"

"Indeed I shall. Be seated and listen with calmness."

"Of all the data we possessed regarding don Antonio Pérez, the only precise fact was the name of the vessel in which he came to Chile. As your friend very well said, to search in Spain for an Antonio Pérez, born about 1790, would be to cast one's self into the sea. Besides, in regard to a man who had a great secret to preserve, and whose life was enveloped in mystery, it was very probable that he would have changed both his Christian name and his surname. Was he indeed Spanish? Was he born in the Peninsula or in one of the colonies? Now you see that it would have been a loss of time in that direction. Regarding the name of the ship, there existed an illuminating detail. Fernando Pérez and his father had looked for it in vain in the maritime lists of all the nations that traded with Chile at that time. What then was its nationality? You have affirmed, with a certain readiness, that Zulema is the name of a woman of Arabic origin. I myself, without thinking much about it, believed it also at the beginning. Well then, this is a mistake. Zulema is a name invented much later than the year 1817, and it belongs to the period of Spanish romantic literature. Before 1830 it was not known."

"But then?"

"Then it was an affair of a simple accidental likeness between the true name of the boat and Zulema. Considering

all things, one could be almost certain that the brigantine in question was neither Spanish, English, nor North American, and that it did not belong to any of the countries that then traded with Chile. Fernando Pérez asserts, as you doubtless remember, that when he made his investigation, he considered the hypothesis that the name had been misrepresented by a bad orthographical interpretation. Before examining the registers of all the marines of the world, it seemed to me much easier to begin with those whose ships would most probably pass along the coast of Chile on their way to some other country.

"To decide this problem I opened the planisphere. You yourself are going to see now the result I obtained—one that could not be more obvious."

Román took up the atlas again and opened it before my eyes.

"It was evident," he continued, "that Chile was on the route only of vessels that sailed from Spain to some point on the western coast of America. We have not far to look then."

"I should think so," I ventured, "since at that time all the west coast belonged to the Spaniards. It was the same as with Chile."

"With one exception," added Román, "the territory of Alaska, occupied by the Russians from 1796."

"But did the Russians take this route by way of Cape Horn and the coast of Chile? It seems somewhat long to me. On the map may be seen many shorter routes."

"Shorter, yes, I grant you, but absolutely impracticable. A ship sailing from Russia can, at first glance, take any one of four distinct routes in going to Alaska. It may coast along the north of Siberia in order to reach the Behring strait. Admitted; but ice totally prevents this passage by sailing vessels; and even for steamers such a voyage constitutes to-day a feat that has been repeated two or three times only. The same may be said regarding the second route charted, which would also consist in coasting, this time along the northern coast of the American continent.

This is what the sailors call the Northwest passage. The English navigator M'Clure was the first to make it, about 1850, after four years of effort, and after passing three winters caught in the ice, where he was forced to abandon his vessel. You see now that this could not be considered as a commercial highway, and much less so in 1817 than now. There remain then the other two routes: one of which, after doubling Cape Horn, follows the western coast of America, and the other that rounds the Cape of Good Hope, passes through the strait of Sunda and then crosses the Pacific."

"Which of these routes is the shorter," I asked. "According to the eye, they seem to be more or less equal."

"Your question I put to myself also, and the calculation gave me the answer. The route that passes by Chile is 1,500 miles shorter than the other, and much more expeditious. By means of it the dangers of the islands of the Sunda archipelago are avoided. Was I right or wrong to appeal to the table of logarithms?"

"But, this affair of the Valencian speech of that gentleman? What had it to do with such a calculation?"

"This is deduced very simply. Attend well to the series of my conclusions and you will see that they are very logical. The brigantine which we have called *Zulema* did not belong to the marine of any of the countries that traded in 1817 with Chile and Spanish America. It would therefore be very probable that she belonged to a nation which, without having commerce with these countries, had it with some other country, to reach which it would be necessary to pass along the western coast of America. Inspection of the planisphere and calculation therefore show me that in this case Russia is the only one, and this in connection with her colony of Alaska, at the time recently established."

"Very well; but why did the brigantine stop at Pichidangui?"

"For fifty thousand reasons. The voyage is long, and the brigantine might well have put in for repairs or to renew her supply of provisions or fresh water,

etc., etc. These stops are very common in sail navigation. I continue therefore. The brigantine being Russian and its destination, Alaska, it would be almost certain that she carried exiled and deported prisoners. Russia was in the habit of populating her remote dominions in this manner. Such a supposition was confirmed by the facts with which we are now acquainted regarding the señor Pérez: the mystery in which his past was involved, and which he desired to carry with him to the tomb. He was therefore an exile for some vulgar crime and not for political reasons. Every one tries to hide the former and no one, the latter. Can you understand, otherwise, how a ship would leave one of her crew as a person lost, in an unknown inlet, like that of Pichidangui? The so-called Pérez was therefore a criminal who escaped from the *Zulema*, a Russian who knew Spanish, a circumstance that permitted him to pass for a Spaniard. The immense facility that Russians have for learning foreign languages is well known; they surpass in this the Germans and even the Jews."

"That is true. I have known several, and I had made the same observation."

"I am glad, but have you noticed nothing peculiar in their accent?"

"No."

"Well, then, Russians speak Spanish with the accent peculiar to the Valencians. This is a well known fact."

"This is a chain of sufficiently bold hypotheses."

"On the contrary, very probable, and they were confirmed when your friend Pérez made us understand that his grandfather had a Valencian accent. Everything is explained to you now, eh?"

"Marvelous! and you had no other data than the name of the boat?"

"Not even that. I only knew that the name somewhat resembled *Zulema*. Also I had to discover it and the true name of don Antonio Pérez."

"You wrote to Russia, of course?"

"Yes; when once I had the data in hand. Before, it would have been useless. They would have laughed at me. What do you imagine they would have answered me, if I had written to Russia to inquire

regarding the name of an individual who in Chile gave as his name Antonio Pérez, and who arrived in 1817, in a vessel that could not even be identified, and that, on the other hand, must have had several hundred persons aboard? It was necessary therefore to solve the problem here, and not there."

"I do not understand how."

"It was as simple as could be. I began with the ship. It is natural for the Russians to christen their ships, as with other people, by giving them mythological names or those of persons or things, or names taken from geography. A Russian dictionary and a geographical atlas, with an alphabetical index, were what I needed. In the first of these I could find no word that had any likeness to Zulema. In the second of them, were several such words. Here is the list. Sulimá, a city of Messerica in Greece; Sulima, a river and port of Sierra Leona, in Africa; and Sulinia, a city of Roumania, on the banks of the Black Sea. This last name attracted my attention, because . . ."

"But Roumania is not Russia," I objected.

"It is not Russia, but it is near the Russian frontier, and countries win victories, as a general thing, near their borders, and they christen their ships with the names of their victories. Roumania, and the North Sea in particular were the theater of continuous wars between Russia and Turkey at the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, or a little before the period in which our brigantine must have been constructed. I had a look through the history of these wars, and I soon found what I was seeking. In April, 1787, the Russians completely defeated the Ottoman squadron off Sulinia."

"Sulinia is not much like Zulema."

"Very little in printed letters, but much like it in the handwriting of the famous corregidor of Petorca. I have examined in the library the document in question. Bear in mind that the official followed a custom as common as it is deplorable, of not dotting his *i*'s. Therefore the first *i* of Sulinia was read by Fernando Pérez as an *e*, and in turn there was a third stroke

to the *n*, by means of which the letter was transformed into an *m*, and thus Sulinia into Zulema. You will remember that Pérez himself did not know for certain whether the word was spelled with an *S* or a *Z*. The Russian brigantine bore the name of a great Russian naval victory—*Sulinia*. As to discovering the true surname of don Antonio Pérez, that did not seem difficult to me. I was sure of securing the data in a few hours."

"I do not understand in what way."

"Because you do not remember the facts related by your friend. Don Antonio, resolved to carry with him to the tomb the secret of his past, suddenly changed his mind, a little while before his death. Why? Fix your mind on the terms of the partly written letter: 'but to-day,' it says, 'when this secret may be worth a fortune to you . . .'. This 'to-day' is very significant, because it makes us understand that in those days there had come to the knowledge of the poor traveler some event that he was ignorant of before or that had recently happened, one that might be worth a fortune to his son. How could he learn this fact? Either because some one communicated it to him verbally or by letter, or by reading of it in the newspapers. The first would be unlikely. The fact in question would certainly bear on his former life and on his family in Russia. Relations between that empire and Chile were very limited at that time, and if don Antonio took so much pains to keep his true origin secret, certainly he did not cultivate relations with any of the five Russians who, according to the census of 1854, were then in the republic, nor much less would he venture to make inquiries regarding his family, nor could they suspect his true nationality. The hypothesis of a letter is still more absurd, because it would assume that some one in Russia knew of the existence and true name of the señor Pérez, and this some one, after his death, would have addressed himself without doubt to the heir of the señor Pérez, in order to communicate to him news of so much interest. Don Antonio obtained the information therefore through the press. Nothing

more was necessary than to run through the collections of Chilean newspapers during the days preceding his death. There I should find the date."

"Did you find it?"

"I found it in *El Ferrocarril* of April 17, 1860. The paragraph I am going to read belongs to the correspondence of Cochat, and it refers to the ravages of cholera in Russia. 'In some provinces fifteen per cent. of the population have fallen victim to the epidemic. In Kaluga entire villages are left practically without inhabitants, and cases are cited, such as the death of the old Count Peterhoff, who saw disappear in three weeks the whole of his large number of descendants.' Which means to say that this Count Peterhoff was left without direct descendants. Do you understand the connection?"

"Indeed I do. It is now only necessary to learn in Russia everything concerning this Peterhoff family."

"No, Miguel; no such thing is lacking. I have a reply from Russia. Or did you imagine that I was going to spend four months in the simple investigations about which I have just told you. Here you have this letter from the Moscow agent of the firm of Reynolds & Company of London, who devote themselves to undertakings of this character. From these documents the following facts are made clear:

"The head of the family of Peterhoff, to-day extinguished, was Count Peter Michael Alexandrovich, who was born in Moscow in 1768, and who died in St. Petersburg in 1827. He was, during several years, the ambassador of Russia at Madrid, a post he filled until 1808.

"He had three sons: Count Sergius Petrovich, who was born in St. Petersburg in 1789, and who died in Kaluga in 1865. With him the family was extinguished, since it is a fact that his three sons and his five grandsons died as victims of the

terrible epidemic of cholera that desolated the province of Kaluga in 1860.

"The second son of Count Peter Michael, Constantine Petrovich, born in 1791, was condemned to deportation as an embezzler in 1816. From the trial it is learned that, driven by gambling debts, he abstracted a considerable sum of money from the imperial treasury at Odessa, of which he was the superintendent. He was embarked on the brigantine *Sulinia* for Alaska, and he perished with all the crew of this ship, of which no news was ever again received, after its departure from Montevideo, on December 2, 1816. It is supposed that the vessel was wrecked in doubling Cape Horn.

"The supposition is incorrect, for we know very well that the *Sulinia* came around Cape Horn, and was wrecked only after its famous stop at Pichidangui.

"As to the property of the Petrovich family, Count Constantine, having no direct heirs, disposed of it in favor of several philanthropic institutions: his extensive domains in Curlandia, which were entailed, became the cause of extended litigation on the part of two distant relatives, who claimed to have a better right to the concessions than the fiduciary. The suit was settled only in 1879, in favor of Count Basilio Nicolavich Riskorine."

"Superb!" I exclaimed. "It would have appeared impossible to obtain such a result from so few data. But, will all this be useful to Fernando? Can he establish his rights in the Russian tribunals? Will not this Count Basilio remain in possession now by the statute of limitation?"

Calvo rubbed his head. "He must consult a lawyer," he said at last. "I am not strong in legal affairs, and much less in respect of things Russian. If he finds difficulties of a practical kind . . . here I am. We shall find a way of smoothing them out."



AMBROSETTI AND HIS SCIENTIFIC WORK¹

BY

SALVADOR DEBENEDETTI

The author gives a succinct summary of the life, character, scientific career and achievements, and the publications of one of Argentina's most distinguished and fundamentally useful investigators in a number of fields of knowledge. At the same time he indicates the line along which progress has been made in geography, ethnology, and archaeology during the last thirty years in his country. Those who have had the privilege of knowing Dr. Ambrosetti, and of observing his spirit and methods, will agree that this article is not too laudatory.—THE EDITOR.

AMBROSETTI was born, in the Interfluvial² city of Guleguay, on August 22, 1865. He went to school in Buenos Aires; and, at the age of twenty, this modest youth, with no other baggage "than his brains filled with illusions," and with the seriousness of all good explorers, took the road to the Chaco as one of a party of naturalists that had arranged to visit this region. The pleasant incidents of the journey, the nervous expectations of one who, for the first time, embarks upon an adventure in lands that dazzle by their traditions, their fables and their mysteries, have been described by Ambrosetti in a little book, full of charm and curious observations. The author of this work took refuge behind the pseudonym of Tomás Barthata.

It chanced that, in returning from this trip, the young explorer stopped in the city of Paraná, where the museo Provincial, founded in 1884 by Racedo the governor, and directed by Professor Scalabrini, was in a state of precarious development. "Infected," says Ambrosetti, in one of his monographs, "with the same feeling of abnegation as Professor Scalabrini, and desiring to contribute with my grain of sand to the progress of my country, I did not hesitate, and upon being admitted to a part in the museum, I donated

all my collections, in the main, geological and ethnographic, thus by right laying its foundation."

Curious coincidence! Ambrosetti began his scientific career by giving to a museum his growing collection, and he closed the cycle of his life also by donating, a few days before his death, his valuable ethnographic and archaeological collection to the museum of the facultad de Filosofía y Letras;³ so the life of this man began and ended with acts of exemplary unselfishness.

On April 28, 1886, Governor Racedo appointed the "young Interfluvial naturalist, don Juan B. Ambrosetti, director of the Zoölogical museum, with a monthly allowance of sixty pesos national currency." There could be no fear whatever that the funds of the financial exchequer would be jeopardized in the interest of science, since by the same decree, the sum of "twenty-five pesos" a month was set aside "for scientific excursions." In spite of this miserable official pittance, the provincial museum of Paraná developed to such an extent and so disproportionately to the subsidy that, in 1887, it possessed 14,577 objects, of which 450 composed the archaeological and ethnographic series gathered by Ambrosetti. The importance of this museum was established when men of science of the importance of Ameghino² and Holm-

¹ Dr. Juan B. Ambrosetti was born in Guleguay, in the province of Entre Ríos, Argentina, August 22, 1865; he died in Buenos Aires in May, 1917.—THE EDITOR.

² The Spanish is *enterrriana*, from Entre Ríos, the name of the province that lies between the Uruguay and the Paraná rivers. This adjective is descriptive of the province, its inhabitants, customs, etc.—THE EDITOR.

³ Of the university of Buenos Aires.—THE EDITOR.

² The reference is probably to Florentino Ameghino. There were two eminent Argentine naturalists named Ameghino: Carlos and Florentino (1854-1911), born in Luján, province of Buenos Aires. Carlos made extensive explorations in the Chaco, in

berg¹ made use of a part of this material in their publications as naturalists.

From the time of his departure on his first trip to Misiones, in 1890, the scientific explorations of this territory, in which Ambrosetti participated as an archaeologist, have not been interrupted. From that day he continued to wrest the secrets of the mission forests, the monotonous pampas, the isolated Calchaquí valleys, the desperate *puna*² of Atacama, the burning and repellant valleys of Catamarca and the babbling rivulet of Humahuaca, which, step by step, insensibly leads from the luxury of the tropics to the frozen *páramo*³ of the Andine table-land, and from the poetic summits of Anconquija, and the bristling flanks that fall away from Tafi, to the frigid solitude of Magellan.

With his pick on his shoulder, the tenacious traveler goes forth, bent on surprising in the layers of the earth and in the cavern the solitary tomb that the love and piety of the indigenes sought to conceal from the curious gaze of posterity. Thence he extracts the mortuary trappings which solicitous hands had wrapped about the dead to comfort them upon their everlasting journey. He brings to the light of day the funerary fabrics of aboriginal art, woven amid the tears of the bitter hour of last farewells. By his study he infers the kind of life led by the one buried: whether his days were devoted to warlike pursuits or whether he was a hunter among the

Paraguay, in Patagonia and in the Pampa, and his paleontological discoveries are of great importance. Many of his publications were issued by the Instituto Geográfico Argentino, in 1890. Florentino accompanied Carlos in his expeditions, he was the director of the Museo Nacional de Buenos Aires, and his fame rests upon his two very important works *Antigüedades del hombre en del río de la Plata* and *Filogenia*.—THE EDITOR.

¹ A contemporary Argentine scientist.—THE EDITOR.

² Applied in general to any greatly elevated Andine mountain territory, but especially to the high, undulating table-land that extends east of the Andes, in the southern part of Bolivia and the northern part of Argentina, with an altitude of from 10,000 to 12,000 feet; also to the *páramos* or *sabanas* of Perú; and to *soroche*, the illness caused by the rarefaction of the air in these elevated regions. In Chile, Argentina, Bolivia and Perú, the verb *apunarse*, to suffer from *puna*, is in common use, although it is not recognized by the Spanish Academy.—THE EDITOR.

³ Any bleak, bare, exposed region, but, specifically, in South America, such a region upon the table-land at a great altitude. Compare *puna* above.—THE EDITOR.

lofty scarps of the Andes or in the dense thickets of the carob-trees, a herder of llamas in the silent valleys, or a peaceful farmer of the profound *quebradas*.¹

Following his journey of exploration he discovers Cyclopean monuments of granite, erected in days far removed, to mark perhaps the expansion of a race, the boundary of a conquest or the celebration of a glorious deed whose memory was not to be forgotten with the march of centuries. He unearths unknown cemeteries, transitory stopping-places, fortified recesses and temples ready to fall, on whose crumbling altars or among the crevices of the walls, there still remains a jar for the libatory drinks, forgotten on the afternoon in which the divine sacrifice was interrupted by an unexpected event that spread terror through the assembled tribe.

In his longing for knowledge, in his eagerness for discovery, our traveler goes still farther, challenging the treacherous rivers, the inclemencies of the heights, the prejudices and distrust of isolated peoples, all the more rigid and formidable in proportion as they seem to be simple and ingenuous. He keeps on, and he finds fields once cultivated covered by the weeds of centuries, and he reaches the borders of dead cities and penetrates into the heart of them along the same tortuous paths trodden of yore by the mountain Indian. He sets foot in the precincts of the primitive habitation, where the wind, denuding the earth, has left visible pre-Hispanic ovens. There the explorer evokes the past: again rise dwellings of stone, ovens smoke, the shades of the dead, returning to life, wander through the city as in ancient days, amid the frolic of the children and the songs of the women.

Thus, in such a moment of evocation, I saw Ambrosetti many times, during our long journeys of exploration among the solitary ruins of our extinguished indigenous cultures. Then would this traveler, whose face was always clothed in smiles, become serious and somber, and he would

¹ The open and uneven land lying in the form of a narrow valley between mountains. In America it also means torrent; and in Colombia, brook (*arroyo*).—THE EDITOR.

bend his silvered brow and fix his gaze on the earth. His vigorous silhouette would acquire the rigidity of a mountain, and in a few moments his soul had become charged with the impressiveness of the stupendous sunsets of the Andes.

None of our men of science traveled so much as Ambrosetti, nor did any one of them collect, with so much knowledge, archaeological material so rich and varied as that which he gathered. Regarding this, several museums of our country can testify.

It may be said that he traveled over the regions of the Argentine north-west inch by inch. He propounded his archaeological problems by basing them upon the materials excavated. His knowledge of that region was complete, and therefore with much justice Dr. Quesada¹ affirmed that: "he had converted himself into a lofty exponent of Argentine culture, although his innate modesty concealed—from the eyes of those who were not minutely acquainted with the enviable reputation he enjoyed in the intellectual world—the extraordinary renown that clothed his name in foreign lands;" and Dr. Levene summed up his life in the following manner: "the mentality of Ambrosetti and his scientific work are inseparable from his heart. Ambrosetti accentuated a new line in the instruction of the university of Buenos Aires, by teaching how to investigate."

And so it was, in fact. From his incorporation into the faculty of Filosofía y Letras, in 1905, as the director of its museo Etnográfico, Ambrosetti initiated what we may call his second epoch. This museum, founded at the instance of Dr. Norberto Piñero, and having as a basis a handful of Calchaquí objects of bronze, donated by

Dr. Indalecio Gómez, was to absorb Ambrosetti's entire life. To it he devoted all his energy; for it he worked through the night-watches; and toward it he drew the gaze of many people; and, stirring their sentiments of liberality, he secured valuable donations and large attendance. So the names of many people are connected with the development of the museo Etnográfico, the present resources of which place it in the first rank among South American museums of its kind.

If, indeed, it is true that museums do not reach a culmination in their work, and if, in respect of finality, they may be considered as perennial institutions, unfriendly, nevertheless, to all crystalizing action, Ambrosetti did not crown his aspirations as director. He had centred the endeavors of his last days on securing for the museum a proper location for exhibiting its treasures to the public; and, by untiring activities and hard effort, he aspired to bring them into the light of open day, from the depths of the obscure catacomb in which it is almost buried. We ought not to blame any one, but rather the times, for this that constitutes a national evil: good museums in wretched locations. It is sufficient to remember the long pilgrimages of Berg and Ameghino, with a view to obtaining a little light in order to save the riches of the museo Nacional, which are jeopardized in the worm-eaten house in the *calle*¹ Perú. Ambrosetti, like Berg and Ameghino, went without realizing his dream. Death surprised him, when, from the last steps of the stairway of his work, he was gazing into the serenity of a diaphanous sky, beneath whose lights he was to have exhibited the results of his tenacity of long years, consecrated to bestowing daily a positive value upon the scientific edifice he was constructing, from the gravest of silences, with no other armor than his buckler of modesty, his illimitable constancy and his great love.

As the director of the museo Etnográfico, Ambrosetti had the firm conviction that museums ought not to be warehouses, where are accumulated things that come from everywhere and by any

¹ Dr. Ernesto Quesada: judge of the court of Appeals; professor of the facultad de Filosofía y Letras de la universidad de Buenos Aires; professor of political economy of the facultad de Ciencias Jurídicas y Sociales de la universidad de la Plata; a voluminous writer upon judicial, historical and literary subjects, and upon international relations. Dr. Quesada has represented Argentina at a number of international gatherings, and he was the president of the Argentine delegation at the Second Pan American Scientific congress, in Washington. His varied library of fifty thousand volumes, in many languages, is in itself a commentary upon the breadth and versatility of his culture.—THE EDITOR.

¹ Cal'-yay, street.—THE EDITOR.

means. The importance of museums does not depend upon the number of pieces preserved, but upon precise documentation, antecedents, conditions and all those data by the interpretation of which a conclusion may be reached. Every object in a museum that is not accompanied by its exact antecedents, may be a means of esthetic delight, but, in reality, it is a coin without value. Museums ought to be withdrawn from the vulgar standards of private collectors, and they ought to flee the seductions of quantity for quantity's sake. Their collections are for science rather than for the public, inasmuch as science will make the people understand and interpret them and find enjoyment in their presence. Ambrosetti, maintaining these ideas, urged the museum to become a genuine laboratory for investigation, and, in consequence, from the first moment, he outlined a program of archaeological explorations, to be carried out systematically, which should comprise all the regions of our land. In part it has been realized, and it is to be hoped that, in a nearer or remoter future, and always provided the university authorities continue to give it proper attention, the plans of Ambrosetti will have embraced the most ample bounds. Then it will be necessary to think of the realms that lie beyond our frontiers, in order to carry thither rigorous methods of archaeological investigation, so as to stake out in a stable and definite manner the most serious of the prehistoric American problems: the chronology of extinguished cultures and their reciprocal vin-
culations.

In order to effect the realization of this vast program, Ambrosetti, with the vim of a new conqueror, animated by the hope of finding novel discoveries, threw himself personally into the field of investigation, by directing the first ten archaeological expeditions of the facultad de Filosofía y Letras, which annually established their camps at different points in our regions of the northwest. In this way the faculty indicated, consummated through him the first South American enterprise in behalf of a systematic knowledge of our prehistoric past. The immediate results of these journeys and of others made on dif-

ferent occasions, have given rise to the museo Etnográfico, whose development has not ceased, and whose material in documented series reaches, at this time, the not inconsiderable number of 25,000 specimens, many of which are of extraordinary value.

Complementary to Ambrosetti's long effort was the activity he displayed in his many scientific missions abroad. His voice, in defense of the ideas he supported, was heard in the congresses of Americanists in New York, Vienna, London and Washington, in the congress of Prehistory in Geneva, and in the congress of Archaeology in Rome.

Such are the most prominent features of the life of this man, lost to science and to instruction in the university of Buenos Aires.

It was not to be foreseen that his robust frame, put to the test in innumerable campaigns, would be struck down in a manner so sudden, in an hour in which maturity of thought and meditation upon the work achieved were ready to produce complete fruitage.

His spirit, however, moves among us, and his teachings and counsels will remain as a standard to follow, as an example we ought to imitate. His mind possessed that clear optimism, exceptional, because few are the men who have not felt the bitterness of sorrow or the burden of defeat. Ambrosetti's spontaneous optimism was the consequence of his life and his work: to the former he devoted the repose of his best hours; to the latter, all his energy. Never did he suffer a decline, nor ever did his scientific faith undergo diminution. He did not believe in obstacles; he knew naught of vacillations; and the same serene intensity presided alike over his judgment upon a grave problem of science and regarding the events that occurred from day to day.

Clear-seeing and perspicacious always, a subtle and ingenious observer, even of the slightest details, he knew how to draw profitable instruction from everything that fell beneath the sweep of his glance. Therefore his work is a mountain of data, many of which are already well utilized, while others will be so soon.

He loved truly and he loved so much that his life, simple and upright, moving on a high level, reminds one of those roads that primitive effort, in its desire for expansion, might have traced by line along the table-land of the Andes, in remote prehistoric days. Above all his affections soared his love for his country, translated into an obsession for collecting our ancient things, for seeking in them the charm associated with patinas and the perfume shed by millennial antiquities. His profound sentiment of Argentinism was invigorated by a perfect knowledge of our patriotic environment at its different periods, and perhaps by the deeply felt nostalgias of his long journeys through unfamiliar lands. Ambrosetti did not found his nationalism upon the resurrection of dead things. The dead is dead, and it can only have a place in museums. The spirit that presided over the development of lost cultures can not return, and all effort to revive it is vain. Therefore a part of the primitive soul is gone forever, and the little that remains of it will disappear irrevocably down the slope along which the new civilization has impelled it, and against which it will be impossible to erect dikes capable of restraining it.

The Indian relinquished his trust on the day that the first tempered steel passed across American territory. Present culture has no other part to play than that of assisting it in its final hour, by making its agony bearable and piously preparing its obsequies. There will be no contestants in the division of the indigenous inheritance: science will be its only and universal heir.

I have tried to bring together, within the scope imposed by synthesis, the most prominent aspects of the life of Ambrosetti, whose death has left an immense blank in the thin ranks of those who pursue the knowledge of our remotest past. We shall proceed to analyze, in compliance with the same rule, his scientific work.

The bibliography of Ambrosetti is numerous and varied: approximately the number of his monographs, published during the last three decades, reaches eighty. They appeared in the official organs of our museums, academies, and institutions,

in the proceedings of congresses and in some foreign magazines.

At the beginning he devoted himself to the natural sciences, giving to the public studies upon biology, zoölogy, and paleontology. Regarding the last two branches of science, he devoted his attention in an especial manner to the subjects that refer to his native province.

Next he described his repeated journeys in pamphlets and lectures: Misiones, the pampa Central, the Andes and the Calchaquí valleys gave him opportunity to present in living pictures the characteristics of those regions, considered from different points of view. Misiones, for example, captured him: its physical and economic conditions caused him to foresee an excellent industrial and agricultural development; the ethnic traits of the diverse nationalities that people this territory, and the proper employment of their different capacities, led him to consider, as a supreme problem, the necessity for systematically populating the region. Ambrosetti then raised, in 1892, the question of the advisability of establishing military colonies in Misiones as the only method of fostering rapid population. No one can doubt the dual finality of this plan: one, of a local economic order, and the other, of an external political order.

He accomplished three journeys to the mission region, and in the descriptions of them he has left us is outlined the future direction his thoughts will take. With his habitual modesty, he said, in 1894, after having collected a rich treasure of ethnographic, archaeological and anthropological data regarding the Alto Paraná:¹

I write without any pretense; I am a simple amateur, and I only desire that my journeys may, even if only partially, make known this admirable region.

Later, when given over entirely to the work that was being carried on by the Instituto Geográfico Argentino, for the enrichment of its growing museum, Ambrosetti, back from his third trip to the same region, and dazzled by the nature he had

¹ That portion of the river Paraná which extends from its source to its junction with the Paraguay.—
THE EDITOR.

just contemplated, affirmed with touches of melancholy: "Years will pass perhaps without my being permitted to return there, but the memory of those grandiose forests . . . will never be blotted from my mind, and when the period shall come in which one lives by his recollections, they will caress my spirit, rejuvenating it in the presence of the ever renewed ecstasy of that delightful nature." During this journey were discovered certain funerary deposits of Guaraní origin in the neighborhood of Yaguarazapá.

The long excursion which he made through the pampa Central, in 1893, caused him to reiterate a former declaration regarding the necessity of collecting data and observations for publication to the end of contributing to a better knowledge of the country. In the monograph he wrote for this purpose is revealed the powerful spirit of an observing traveler. He notes the different characteristics of the population and the conditions of their life, and he gives valuable information regarding the rare Pampa Indians, displaced from their primitive centers, given over to long wanderings and slowly molding themselves to the demands imposed by the new culture, filtrating into that region. He foresaw its future with a clear vision, and he proclaimed its rank as a rich province.

A trip to the borders of the country, in the remote puna of Atacama, gave him the opportunity to present descriptions of desolate landscapes and observations on the forbidding surroundings in random but deeply felt pages. On the frontiers of a strange land Ambrosetti was not able to restrain his emotions, and his feeling of patriotism welled up in unrestrained enthusiasms.

In the old hacienda of Molinos, in the province of Salta, he recalls the colonial past: the patriarchal family, simple customs, limited hopes, untroubled lives, colonial art, with its styles subject to the caprice and mediocre invention of the artists of the day.

It was perhaps here, beneath the sonorous corridors of the manorial house; between the going and coming of the respectful Indian servants; in the mountain

environment, which, separating one from the present hour, stimulates him to think of remote pasts or a doubtful future; in the half-darkness of the ample drawing-rooms, whose tiled floors were worn beneath the tread of native sandals, and whose panelling was falling to pieces from sheer antiquity, without any pious hand's replacing it; in this environment, the oasis of the traveler that surmounts the Andes in search of repose from fatigue, Ambrosetti perhaps cherished the first dream of creating a colonial museum, a dream he realized later in his own home.

In the succession of works that constitutes the first phase of Ambrosetti's production, he appears as a naturalist and traveler, and there stands out a series of positive values which I think it essential to emphasize: a vast wealth of observations, exactitude of collected data and variety of subjects treated. Where the activity of Ambrosetti, however, was developed in the most effective, intense and general manner, was in his studies upon Argentine archaeology. His first work of this nature dates from 1892. In it he describes certain collections of Calchaquí pottery, which at that period were to be found in the provincial museum of Entre Ríos, and which he had personally collected in the province of Tucumán. In this first monograph he gave utterance to the idea that he was to defend to the end of his days with so much intensity: the problem of the Calchaquí nation and the diffusion of its culture, from the frontier of Bolivia to the province of Córdoba.

The archaeological investigations of Ambrosetti may be divided into two series: those in the basin of the río de la Plata and its tributaries, and those in the Argentine northwest.

In the former ought to be mentioned the manifold observations made in connection with certain discoveries effected in 1885 in Victoria, a department of the province of Entre Ríos, consisting of fragments of broken pottery, crude and of the common type, which subsequent investigators have verified throughout the basin of the Plata. The characteristics of the pre-Colombian stopping-places of Goya caused him to suspect their Payagá origin, to which he also

attributes the tumulus of Campana, discovered 1877, while denying that both these archaeological remains are of Guaraní origin.

The description of the funerary deposits of the Alto Paraná, their conditions, their characteristics and their exhumed materials, convinced him that in some remote epoch a people possessed of culture was distributed along our great rivers from the Guairá to the delta of the Paraná; and he based his conclusions upon the likeness of the objects found in this locality. He believed it was Guaraní culture that in its diffusion reached these regions, and that, in any case, neither Paraguay nor Misiones was the cradle of this race. As we see, Ambrosetti propounded the problem of the migrations of littoral peoples, and if, indeed, in this sense he followed the footsteps of well known archaeologists, he supplied new data, which, added to those that other investigators may discover, will clear up in a definite manner the problem outlined.

Yet it was not merely the archaeology of the littoral that was his chief interest in his journeys through these regions: he collected, besides, all the data he could come at regarding the Indians who now occupy that territory; he studied their ethnic characteristics, gathered the remains of their lost music and monotonous dances, and in telling us of their usages and customs he initiated in our country the study of *folk-lore*,¹ that is, "what the people know," that which has remained of their legend and their tradition. He studied the languages of some of the peoples, making in this way a contribution of value to American linguistical investigations, whose progress and conclusions at the present moment are truly surprising.

The second series of investigations that he carried on were, as I have said, in the region of our northwest, or, properly speaking, in that of the Calchaquí. The forty or so monographs that he wrote upon local archaeological subjects are the impregnable foundation upon which rest the

conclusions that have been reached in the domain of archaeology. The truth is that Ambrosetti, carried away by his natural enthusiasm, advanced doubtful conclusions, which he had immediately to reject. We do not forget that he was working in a period which we may well call the precursor of true archaeological training. The science of archaeology, among us, had not gained its independence. Its methods were deficient for reasons so manifest that I omit to explain them. In reality, to people in general, archaeology signifies curiosity, and an archaeologist, a mere curiosity seeker, perhaps a maniac, or it may be a vulgar collector. What enchantment can the past hold, if this past refers especially to poor Indians? What does it matter to the present age, or to future knowledge, whether the same pot that was used by aboriginal cooks served afterward at the burial of the dead? What value has the knowledge of incipient art, deformed by forced attempts and the lamentable efforts of our Indians? Why preserve dirty shards, some discolored, others caked with soot, painted or bare, large or small, almost always wanting in elegance? Why disturb one's self for these ancient American things, if in any china bazaar, for a few cents, may be bought a Venus de Milo or one of Tanagra's dancers? What do we owe to the Indians that makes us indebted to them for our knowledge? If only they had given us the country and saved us a little blood! Reflections such as these still reach our ears. It is because we have not yet arrived at the necessary disinterestedness that will enable us to judge men, and, in many cases, what is more elemental, justify their tendencies. In the hive of science there are no drones: those who do not work are excluded from it; not even from pity may they have a place.

Ambrosetti occupied in this hive a prominent position from the first hour. Without losing sight of the general field of our archaeology, he devoted attention by preference to the study of the Calchaquí past—to their culture, the best of our cultures—whose remains covered all the region of the cordillera in the northwest.

¹ Thus in the original. Inasmuch as the author assumes that some would not understand the meaning of this English word, he proceeds to interpret it by the words that follow in quotations.—THE EDITOR.

In 1895, he explored the painted grottos of Curahuasi and Chural, in the province of Salta, and in the presence of the procession of strange human figures, traced with firmness upon the living rock—in the presence of those strange personages in armor and those bearers of trophies, before the llamas on the road, with their minute packs—the archaeologist interprets this scene as a martial episode, a parade of conquerors bearing captured booty.

The slight knowledge of Calchaquí culture that existed led Ambrosetti to gather material for an extensive memorial on the archaeological material known up to that moment. It was the first time that he essayed a general study upon so important a region. It is impossible to attempt to understand the characteristics of the Calchaquí civilization without taking into account his *Notas de arqueología calchaquí*, remarkable for its contents, precise in description, accurate in data and highly meritorious in that it represents the first effort tending to present, in a complete form, the general aspects of a local culture. He studied all the phases of its art: funerary idols in attitudes of pain, fetishes for use in securing for life its crown of a good and durable love; amulets to prevent the failure of the herds or the exhaustion of the fields through the unseasonableness of the weather; votive urns representing human figures with varied expressions; funerary jars in which children, and sometimes adults, were entombed, surrounded by the objects they owned and preferred; plates, scepters, disks and bells of bronze, all of prime importance, on account of their meaning and their indication of luxury. He undertook to decipher the conventional value of symbols painted or carved on ceramics, and he assigned to them a meteorological significance. Basing his opinion on local folklore, in which Ambrosetti was profoundly learned, and on the conditions of the medium in which Calchaquí culture had developed, he thought he saw in the curious representations of serpents, frogs and ostriches, true symbols, which the aboriginal soul, in its desire for life, traced with the hope that the good gods would increase the water supply of the

ponds or send opportune and saving rains. Only one who has made a study of those isolated regions knows the thirst felt there by the scant vegetation and the ceaseless struggle that man wages with a niggard and unkindly nature.

Conditions have not changed much. The prehistoric environment and that of the present time are more or less the same, and the struggle of man, now as then, experiences no repose. Aboriginal effort was greater than that of the present, and this is verified by the remains of isolated populations, on inaccessible summits, suspended like eagles' nests above the abysses.

This fixed a characteristic that survives even to our times. Nature gave to the aboriginal soul her austere sadness and aridity, her silence and her apparent impassiveness, her monotony and resistance. The Indian, accustomed for long ages to contemplate the same mountains, the same narrow horizon limited by the crests of the cordilleras, the same river and the same sky, became sedentary, established a definite residence, acquired habits, and in his soul there became rooted the chief of his sentiments, which survives, in spite of successive dominations: horror of the plains.

Ambrosetti, by the knowledge of the present, sought to arrive at the prehistoric past; and if he did not succeed definitely, he not only attempted it in behalf of our lost cultures, but he undertook to trace connections between them and neighboring cultures.

Following the tradition of Lozano, he warmly sustained the thesis that the Incas did not control the Calchaquí region, contrary to the affirmations of well known historians. At no time, however, did he deny the existence of vinculations between the ancient Peruvian cultures and those of the Bolivian table-land and ours. Already, in 1879, when he discovered the menhires in the valley of Tafí, he had an intuition that these Cyclopean monuments—whose finality archaeology must yet discover—ought to be referred to the epoch in which flourished the stupendous culture of Tiahuanaco in the regions of Titicaca. This correlation between the two cultures had been confirmed in con-

nection with the explorations that were carried on later; and to-day no one doubts that, long before the development of Inca culture, there existed some contact between our mountain peoples and those who ruled in the Andine table-lands. If Inca domination in the Andine regions is an undeniable fact, according to the historians, it is undeniable also that it did not succeed in absorbing our civilizations, either by infiltration or dominion. The points of similarity which the two offer are not sufficient to prove that one gave rise to the other. If it had happened thus, the dissimilarities they offer are so many and varied that it would be necessary to admit parallel developments and local evolutions that responded to initiatives of a local character also. All the American pre-Hispanic civilizations present forms peculiar to themselves, although among them may be found, with a little effort, something in common that must be referred to a single origin. Nor, because of this peculiarity, are to be excepted those that in certain regions of America appear sporadically.

In the case of the Calchaquí culture this phenomenon is sufficiently visible: there exist forms which, without doubt, are either the result of importation or they have been evolved by imitation, and by the side of these are others that are a genuinely local product. This can not be explained, if the principle of autonomy in the development of art be not admitted; and this was supported by Ambrosetti, as soon as he determined the elements of Calchaquí civilization. He enumerated its characteristics in the following manner:

Remains of habitations; remains of irrigation ditches; ruins of places of defense, and of fortified cylindrical towers; man-hires; abundance of petroglyphs and pictographs; a wealth of funerary urns of different types; the generalization of ornamental motives; and the constancy and uniformity of the discovered instruments of copper.

Such grounds impelled the archaeologist to maintain the remote antiquity of Calchaquí civilization; and, comparing it with other civilizations dispersed along the Andine cordillera, he established the

likeness exhibited by the Argentine remains to those of other Indian peoples in North America. In this manner Ambrosetti believed that the two cultures were the extreme links of a continuous chain. The intermediary cultures, shattered beneath the pressure exercised by foreign influences, remain still to be traced. "Our Calchaquí Indians," he said, "studied in minute detail, have in them nothing of the Peruvians, and much less of those of the Inca period; and if we find traces common to them, I believe these ought to be referred to an epoch far anterior: to that of the great continental invasion." In this way he sought to emphasize the likenesses between the Nahoas and Calchaquíes, the hypotheses of Chavero almost coinciding, which held that there was a great migration of peoples along the Pacific and west of the Andine cordillera. To the data he had previously presented Ambrosetti added certain new items, drawn from the folklore elements existing in common between the Calchaquíes and the Pueblos.

A brief study of some funerary deposits in the province of Santiago del Estero, in amplification of studies which earlier authors had presented, led him to conclude that the Diaquito-Calchaquí culture extended as far as this province, marking thereby the eastern limit of their dispersion toward the forests. Moreno, speaking of the pottery exhumed in Santiago, affirmed that it was finer and more elegant than that of Troy and Mycenae.

Once more, from the comparison of certain ceremonial vases of Calchaquí origin, he found marked similarity between our culture of the northwest and that which was maintained by the Pueblo Indians.

The discovery of an aboriginal tomb, made in 1902 by some mining prospectors, the unearthing of a rich funerary outfit, in which abounded articles of gold, bronze, wood and beautiful decorated jars, presented for the first time the importance of a dead city, located in the heart of the Calchaquí valley, and which, later, Ambrosetti himself was to explore and study in all its details: the city of "La Paya."

The knowledge of the archaeology of the province of Jujuy, up to 1902, was quite incomplete: a few specimens extracted from the tombs in Rinconada, the collections of the museo de la Plata, whose catalogue had been published, and the series deposited in the Ethnographic museum of Berlin, constituted the archaeological resources of a region which was to occasion many surprises in the future. Ambrosetti devoted himself to the study of it, and, arguing from similarities of material and symbolism, from equality of conditions in environment and from the testimony of historians, he claimed that the prehistoric culture of the province of Jujuy must be identified with that of the Calchaquies. Our author subsequently, during the systematic explorations that were made in the quebrada of Humahuaca, rectified his former opinion, and with the scientific honesty that was characteristic of him, he did not hesitate to comprehend his error, and he hastened to communicate his conclusions in the meetings of the congress of Americanists at Buenos Aires.

He amplified the archaeology of the puna of Atacama with new descriptive notes; he haunted sepulchers, visited ruins and petroglyphs, and he once more affirmed the manifest affinities between the culture of Atacama and that of the Calchaquies. In this manner Ambrosetti carried the diffusion of this civilization to bounds unknown at the time. Subsequent journeys and more recent studies made clear the imperative necessity of establishing distinctions between the two cultures, without denying thereby close relationships. Upon this important question, in the congreso de Ciencias Naturales, held at Tucumán last year, in a dissertation upon the archaeological discoveries in Atacama, Ambrosetti made known the theories of von Tschudi regarding the possibility that the language of Atacama might have been Cacán, a lost language spoken by the ancient Calchaquies. The vocabularies of this language, regarding which it is certainly known that they were collected and studied by Bárcena, ought to be found amid the disordered documents of some disregarded archives. We must await the day of their discovery.

In his great eagerness to explain Calchaquí art completely, he brought together as a whole all the pieces of bronze handiwork known up to 1904 that had originated in that region. He studied the mineral industry of prehistoric times, its development, methods and importance, the ways of founding, and the aboriginal knowledge of alloys. The Calchaquí bronzes ought to be considered as such under pain of declaring one's self in rebellion against what chemistry demonstrates. The most recent discoveries of molds and crucibles prove that prehistoric mineral industry extended to the cis-Andine valleys of the province of San Juan.

The study of Calchaquí bronze made by Ambrosetti is a monograph of great value on one of the most original phases of Calchaquí art.

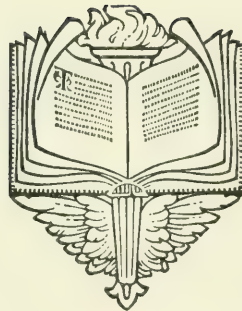
With the same enthusiasm and with the same sincere conviction he defended his work and his ideas regarding the Calchaquí question. To it he devoted his life; it belonged to him in all its amplitude, from the moment he extracted its most intimate secrets and beheld his work consummated, when his complete and systematic studies served as a platform upon which to base the first attempt at a chronology of the extinguished cultures of Argentina.

I refer to the archaeological investigations effected under his direction in the deposits of the pampa Grande and in the prehistoric city of La Paya. The treasures of hundreds of tombs and ruined houses were patiently excavated, restored, described and compared in order to reach finally the conclusion that, in pampa Grande, cultures were superimposed, and La Paya maintained an active interchange, in remote times, with the people settled on the other side of the cordillera, it properly being considered as a genuine type of the Calchaquí city.

Such, in brief outline, are the cardinal features of the scientific production of our illustrious departed friend whose premature removal it is difficult to realize. The day will come when, in writing the history of Argentine science, the weight of which is not inappreciable in the world, it will be necessary to indicate the prominent figures

among those who have worked with a conscience exalted to the scientific ideal, which neither regards sacrifice nor is prompted by vulgar interests. Ambrosetti, in the history of Argentine thought, will stand out as the creator of tendencies and new departures, and as the father of a work that will not perish, even though it has fallen to his lot to labor in an age that may almost be deemed but the harbinger of Argentine archaeology. His unquestionable merit lies in his having constructed an edifice with the materials he himself supplied and tenaciously elaborated through long days of travel and long

hours of waiting. Understanding better than any one else the sea over which he must sail, he always had a clear vision of the coast where he was to cast anchor. He encountered neither reefs nor delays on the route. He sailed and sailed beneath a serene sky, over a calm sea, his spirit full of faith and his heart overflowing with kindness. Such was his journey when the night fell upon him at noonday; and this traveler navigator, breathing hope and confidence, saw that his ship was stopping in its full career, and that he must sound. His anchor touched the bottom: eternity.



THE UNITED STATES IN THE WAR

BY

ANTONIO G. DE LINARES

A Paris correspondent of the Argentine *Caras y Caretas* gives his impression of the first contingent of the United States soldiers upon their arrival in France; he presents an appreciative sketch of General Pershing; and he calls attention to the prominence given by the French press to the significance of the entrance of America into the great struggle.—THE EDITOR.

RESIDENT WILSON'S soldiers are here. They disembarked and went into camp. Then they came to Paris, to contribute by their presence to the ceremonies of the Fourth of July, the day of Yankee¹ independence. From Paris, they have set out at length for the front—to enter the dance of hell.

Large, slow, phlegmatic, the Americans filed through the streets of the city without being affected in the least by the "parade."

They are countrymen or sportive citizens, dressed rather as cowboys² than as soldiers, and they savor of the Far West.² Among them there is no display of gold lace, no fine trimmings, and barely an oak leaf, an eagle or a star shows on their collars or shoulders to indicate their rank. They are strong and healthy, and they are not warlike. They give the impression of being good, frank, well trained boys; and they will get themselves killed—since this is what they came for—and they will die in the Dantesque waste of *No Man's Land*² with great valor and with ever greater surprise, while seeking with their almost infantile blue eyes the maternal bosom of their native heavens and the soft horizon of the prairies.

General Pershing is in command. He

is the general who was in México, where he showed himself to be, above all, a great diplomat in warding off difficulties for his government.

General Pershing is a man not much given to words. His speeches—such as he must make—are short and simple, in the manner of quiet talks. We have nothing pompous—no fine phrases, no patriotic bluster, no threats of wiping the hostile nations off the map! Just the few words needed to express his prudent and well ordered thought, and nothing more!

For the present—and awaiting the events that will bring this undelineated personality into bold relief—simplicity and modesty are qualities that in these times of blusters and Napoleons "pour rire" make of General Pershing an attractive and highly esteemed figure.

So the Yankee soldiers are now at the front! This fact has as its chief significance that of serving as a token of the *immediate* realization of all the promises made by President Wilson to the Allies; and secondarily it gives the flat lie to what was asserted by Field Marshal von Hindenburg, according to whom the Americans would not reach France before next year. The field marshal was mistaken. The truth is that the North American army has been ready to enter the war for a long time. The good proof of it is that troops continue to arrive, and that the camp—the base of the Yankee expeditionary contingent in France—is now supplied with men, cannon, provisions, aeroplanes, munitions, and, in short, all the elements the United States brings to this war, undertaken by it as if it were settling some affair of business with the traditional New York method of rapidity of action, backed by unbounded resources.

¹Used generally by South Americans, without reproach, as an adjective descriptive of the United States, its government, institutions, people, customs, etc., probably due to the fact that there exists no other word by which to designate them, since American is properly applicable to all the nations of the New World.—THE EDITOR.

²English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

Meanwhile the French press devotes half its columns to eulogizing the United States and the North Americans, whom it reminds, in passing, that they and the sons of France fought together in the Yankee war

of Independence. So it heralds the name of General Lafayette and the campaigns of Saratoga and Yorktown, during which the French fought by the side of the North Americans in defence of liberty.



THE PRESENT ECONOMIC CONDITIONS OF PERÚ

BY

HÉCTOR S. CARDÓ

The author, a Peruvian man of affairs, writing for publication in one of the great dailies of Argentina, a country with which his nation has always been on terms of friendship, calls attention to the depressed economic condition of Perú during the months that followed the breaking out of the European war; and he shows how, owing to the great increase in the prices of the products in which Perú is rich, the national finances have recovered, and general prosperity has been established. He then indicates briefly the lines along which future developments ought to proceed in Perú.—THE EDITOR.

THE part taken in the political and economic march of Perú by the one who writes these lines, both because in his country he belongs to the new national democratic party, in which valuable elements of the intellectual youth are participating, and also because of his position in commerce and the industries, in connection with mining and agriculture, leads him to make known in outline the present situation of his fatherland to such a country as the Argentine republic, to which by historical traditions and sincere regard all Peruvians are attached.

The ordinary range in the prices of certain articles, such as copper, silver, sugar, cotton, etc., of which Perú is not an inconsiderable producer; and, even more, the decline in values of some of them, caused the mining and agricultural industries to move with a degree of languidness; but, as a consequence of the European war, the enormous prices attained by these productions have brought about an era of complete prosperity. In verification of this it is only necessary to call attention to a few figures.

Copper, the price of which per ton ranged at about £65 for standard metal, has now reached an average of £130. Silver has, risen to 40 pence the ounce, from 24 pence, as it was formerly. Sugar has gone up to an average of 300 shillings from 154 to 176 shillings per ton at ports of embarkation; cotton, from £55 per ton to £110 for the so-called Egyptian, and to £200 for *metafisa*.¹

Perú, which has produced in the neighborhood of 30,000 tons of copper a year, will reach during the present year a production of 50,000 tons. The Cerro de Pasco Mining company, a North American enterprise, which by itself alone extracts 70 per cent. of the tonnage of copper, obtains a splendid return, since, on a nominal capital of \$60,000,000, of which it has actually invested about \$30,000,000, it earns a net monthly profit of a million dollars. It is easy to calculate, by bearing in mind that this company produces about 3,000 tons of copper per month, that this metal does not cost it more than from £60 to £70, laid down in the New York market, and that it sells at £160 (taking into account the gold and silver its bars of copper contain).

On the other hand, the sugar mills—the largest of which is situated in the valley of Chicama, in the northern part of the country, produces as much sugar as the largest mills of Cuba—extract this product at a cost not exceeding from 170 to 200 shillings a ton, and, as the selling price ranges at about 300 shillings in the ports of embarkation, it is clear that the larger part of the cane enterprises, which are numerous and almost all in the hands of national capitalists, earn something like £100,000 per annum in each factory. The annual production of sugar is 300,000 tons.

Cotton, the cost of the production of which per ton fluctuates between £40 and £44, is also yielding immense returns, as it is selling to-day at from £110 to £200, according to the staple and the ports of shipment. As the funds invested in the cotton industry belong almost wholly

¹Cotton of the highest grade grown from seed imported from Egypt.—THE EDITOR.

to national capitalists and are distributed through many regions of the republic in small amounts, the profits derived to-day from the high price of this product are filtering into the national mass, thus imparting great vigor to commerce, especially in the localities where they are distributed.

What has taken place in the case of these three products is happening equally with silver, lead, petroleum, cacao, wool, leather, etc., which are produced also in great quantities.

As a consequence of this period of prosperity, private fortunes have increased notably, and the capitalists, not having rapid investments to make, are placing large sums in the banks, whose deposits are constantly growing. To cite an instance of prosperity, let me say that a company having been formed three months ago to open an avenue along the waterfront extending between the bathing resorts in the suburbs of Lima, and the lots being placed on sale, there have been sold, in the space of ninety days, 250,000 square meters. Moreover, in the same period, a series of operations was effected in the sale of lands for urban development in other avenues and suburbs of the city.

Having now rapidly sketched the flourishing state of our principal industries, due, as I have said, in large measure to the high prices obtained as a result of the European conflict, let us next see how the national government took care of the deficit in its budget, produced by the enormous reduction in imports, which cut down the customs receipts by about 50 per cent. during 1914 and 1915. To the end in view, it availed itself of the expiration, about the middle of 1915, of the period of twenty-five years' exemption from taxes established by congress for mining properties. Upon the expiration of this period, the chief executive sent to the chambers bills in favor of placing an export duty upon copper, silver, gold, lead, petroleum and rare metals, such as molybdenum, tungsten, etc. (excepting coal, iron, etc.). Sugar, cotton, wool, leather and certain articles of importation that had been placed on the free list would in the future cease to enjoy this privilege. Of these

bills, the one concerning minerals was the best studied, both because Perú is essentially a mineral country, and because, as such, it was the tax that would produce the most revenue for the state. Furthermore, the engineering bodies of the government and of the Engineers' society of Perú, which embraces about four hundred members, in the main experimental and industrial engineers, took up with warmth the discussion of the bill, thus bestowing a great service upon the representatives of the nation, who gave heed to these discussions. A statement of the cost of production was obtained from the mine operators, agriculturists and industrials, taking into account the less favored, and thus was established a basis for the tax upon each product, care being had that the tax should begin at the point at which the producer should cover the expense of extraction or production, plus a reasonable profit. Thus, for example, in the case of copper, it was observed that the average purity of our major deposits, worked on a vast scale, was six per cent., and that to produce a ton of metallic copper under these conditions and market it in New York cost about £60. Then the export duty was applied when a ton of this metal reached a value of £65 and upward, the rate being progressive. The result stands thus: with the price at £65, the ton of metal exported pays £0.65 in duties; and, at £130, it pays £7.15.

Cotton, which costs about £40 to produce, begins to pay a duty after the price reaches £48, and upward. The regulation extends successively to the other products taxed. The tax, as worked out, is about six per cent. of the profits realized.

As these surtaxes were due to the present abnormal conditions, there was almost no opposition to paying them on the part of the producers; and, on the other hand, the government with this new source of income covered the deficit in its budget. The truth is that, whether opposed or not by economists, the duty upon exports was received by the country with great good will, and all Perú approved of these measures by which the national and the foreign capitalists shared with the state a

part of their excess profits. Thus also was avoided the danger of issuing fiscal notes, which would have injured the credit of the nation, or the adoption of some other measure that would be more burdensome than paying a certain percentage of their profits to the state, at a time when these are the result of causes foreign to the country, which notably benefited the exporters, and, at the same time, reduced the normal import duties of the nation.

It has turned out therefore that the present European struggle has produced great benefits for us. The industries are flourishing. The state is meeting its expenses and paying off a part of what it owed, because of the insufficiency of former budgets. Bills to the amount of two and a half millions sterling, issued as a safeguard against the momentary withdrawal of gold, are guaranteed to-day by a 60 per cent. reserve of gold, and the difference of 40 per cent. is secured by first class commercial paper. The Peruvian steamship company, which was languishing, is to-day paying enormous dividends and increasing its fleet out of its profits.

It is hoped that when the normal state of affairs is reached, the country, supplied with capital as it will be, may enter fully upon the solution of the three great problems that, in my opinion, are necessary in order that "the tonnage of its productions shall count," even if but slightly, in foreign markets. These problems are: "the improvement of the stock-raising properties," situated in the main on the table-land of the Andes; "the irrigation of its coasts; and the construction of railways of penetration" toward the foot of the cordilleras, and a railway into the center of the mountain regions.

To solve the first problem, national capital will be sufficient, and unquestionably a great part of the profits obtained from the high prices of wool, leather, etc., will be employed to this end. For the second, we shall doubtless have to appeal to foreign capital, as, from the broken character of the territory, the great reservoirs formed by the melting of the snows are found in very elevated regions, so that in order to conduct the waters to the coast, it will, in many cases, be necessary to perforate the

sierras and accomplish other extensive engineering feats. However, a great part of the funds to be employed can be supplied by national capitalists, as it is almost established to-day that the best and the most secure investment is that which is made in arable lands.

There remains a third problem, which may be solved, either by the state's taking certain steps toward organizing financial combinations for this purpose, or by going in search of foreign capital, which would have in many cases as a security the certain percentage the government would pay upon the sums invested, as well as the prospect of the riches contained in our cordilleras and mountains. It is generally difficult to estimate in advance wealth the amount of which is not definite, since such explorations and studies are usually required as could not be made in places where, as a general rule, it is necessary to construct in advance a means of transportation for carrying in the apparatus and supplies for works of this character. As a consequence, those who invest their capital in such enterprises must be moved by a certain daring. Experience has taught us in Perú that North American capitalists are those who have undertaken these ventures with the greatest intrepidity.

To establish this I have in mind two notable examples. The first of these is the railway that runs inland from Callao, which is at sea-level. In the 170 kilometers¹ of its length, it rises to a height of about 5,000 meters,² passing through 59 tunnels, with grades at some points that reach approximately four per cent., without resorting to any kind of cogged traction. To our honor, a great number of the engineers who composed the general staff of this piece of construction were Peruvians, who worked, some of them as chiefs of sections by the side of the North American engineers, and others as their assistants. The second is the extensive exploitation now made of the mineral deposit of the cerro de Pasco, where, in spite of not having made very complete studies of the beds, due in the main to the irregularity of the mineral formation, the Americans

¹ About 106 miles.—THE EDITOR.

² 16,400 feet.—THE EDITOR.

invested there almost \$30,000,000, happily with the splendid results of to-day.

The solution of the third problem is of vital importance to Perú. It is only necessary to take into account that we are indebted for 90 per cent. of the present output of copper to only two provinces of the rich department of Junín. The advantages derived by these regions from the railway lines that reach them can be seen in the fact that in this department alone the exports have risen to seven millions sterling. It is therefore very logical to suppose that something similar would take place on the day when the parallels of steel should penetrate other mineral departments, such as Ancachs, Huancavelica, etc., the cordilleras of which have been explored to a slight extent.

On the other hand, the railways would likewise produce as their consequence a great development in the coal industry. It may be said without exaggeration that the millions of tons of coal that lie buried in our great deposits would of themselves give an enormous stimulus to the country. The ports of Callao, with the coal-beds of Jatunhuasi, in the department of Junín; Huacho, with those of Cajatambo; Chimbote, with all the zone comprised along the projected railway from Chimbote to Recuay, etc., would then be great centers of activity. In order to make it evident that the deposits are worthy of consideration, let me say that the Cerro de Pasco Mining company, the proprietor of the collieries of Goyllarizquisga, in the mineral

area of the cerro de Pasco, has extracted for its own needs a thousand tons of coal daily, for a number of years, and it has always in sight or in preparation hundreds of thousands of tons.

With equal ease could be demonstrated the great advantages that would result from a railway to the mountains, whether it should run from the port of Paita to Marañón, or from that of Carhuemayo, a station on the railway from Otoya to the cerro de Pasco, to a navigable point on the river Pachitea. The variety of woods, vegetable ivory, gums, etc., and the fertility of the soil, make clear the advantages of connecting the mountains with the departments of the coast.

I am firmly convinced that by carrying out these enterprises the development of the country would proceed in geometrical progression. One of the principal connections of our system, the construction of which is sanctioned by the entire public opinion of Perú, is the termination of the railway from Huancajo to Cuzco. By this means Buenos Aires and Lima would become united by rail, and thus there would exist a greater intimacy between Peruvians and Argentines. Buenos Aires would become the center where the inhabitants of the neighboring countries would gather, attracted by the beauty of the city, as well as by identity of language, the enchantment of its women and the proverbial hospitality of Argentina, a country in which we Peruvians especially feel as if we were upon our own soil.



MOTHER

BY

FRANCISCO CAMPOS

An expression of Latin feeling, which is quite characteristic of the peoples of the southern countries of America.—THE EDITOR.

HERE is in all languages a sweet, beautiful, august word. This word, lisped by the infant in the cradle, and called alike by the old man, by the Eskimo in his snow hut, the New Zealander in his *pah*, the savage in his wigwam, as also by the civilized man, whether in his gilded drawing-room or in his miserable garret, is MOTHER.

The cradle and the sepulcher reflect the pure light shed by this luminous word. The first tears bedew the faltering voice of the child when he says mother, and the last tears that fall from the eyes of the dying contain this word in their nimbus, and with this word the soul takes its flight.

It embraces all horizons and surrounds all spheres; it is a magic word that is pronounced at every moment of life. A mother is the ALL of humanity.

The laureled artist receives a crown of triumph, and he thinks of his mother; the poet calls her name in his verses; the historian carries her into his narrative; the painter paints her with his brush; the sculptor chisels her in marble. Motherhood is a symbol that adapts itself to all, is a circle that embraces all.

All love is interested: the beautiful woman is loved for her beauty; honors and glory are the objects of ambition; light is loved because it illuminates; we love spring for its flowers; a mother is loved because she is a mother.

And the mother? She loves her son because he is her son. Whether he be king, prince, scholar, noble, beggar, savage, civilized, great, small, ignorant, he has a still nobler claim upon her love: that he is her SON. She sees nothing more: she carried him in her womb, she gave him life, to him she consecrates her existence,

she struggles with him, she conquers with him, she triumphs with him, she laughs with him. It is he, ever he. How beautiful is this love! It has always moved to great things, and it will move to them in the future.

A mother, this other I of existence, enters into everything: pleasures and sorrows. She is the only being who is never deceived. For her there are no secrets: she divines all, she knows all; a mother discovers all; I am mistaken, a mother knows all from the first moment.

The love of a mother accomplishes great things: Veturia, at the feet of Coriolanus, saves Rome; Cornelia exhibits her sons as the most brilliant jewel of her home.

Home! it can not be conceived of without a mother. She is the light that illuminates the empty chamber; she is the consolation of her son, and of the son of her son: the radiant star of the moral firmament. Think of all the virtues gathered in one being: that being is the good mother. Abnegation, sweetness, forgiveness, tears and smiles, all are centred and mingled in a mother's heart, which is as immense for her son as infinite space.

God, desiring to give us an idea of his moral attributes, gave us a mother. She, only she, makes known the supreme perfections.

Unhappy the son that abandons his mother. He destroys at one and the same time all the obligations and all the privileges of his soul. It were better for him that he had not been born. He is a pariah beneath the infinite, gazed at horror-stricken by all the stars with their eyes of light. No sooner does he set his feet upon any spot than thorns spring up. He may not approach any sacred treasure: he would stain it.

If there is any being who ought to be worshiped upon the earth, it is a mother. Between her and God there is a majestic and holy bond. Accursed is he who severs this sacred tie: he is as a dead man.

If the sun should be extinguished, the eyes of a mother would still illuminate the

face of the earth, in order that her child might walk and not fall.

O pure love of a mother, blessed art thou!

O beautiful name above all names, the first and the last word that a man calls upon earth, worthy to be written in letters of gold!

To say: "My mother!" is to pray.



PARAGUAY

BY

MANUEL DOMÍNGUEZ

A study in physical geography, in which the author indicates the influence of natural boundaries, relation to the great ocean highways, soil, climate, altitude, race, history, upon the present character and the future prospects of the people of his country. He concludes that all the elements that ought to tend to develop a strong and intelligent nation are to be found in Paraguay.—THE EDITOR.

I

NATURAL CAUSES

THESE are physical. Because of altitude, the same plant presents different textures, the same tree is more or less tough, more or less shapely, the perfume of a flower is permeating or otherwise. In the torrid zone each species of animals is different in size, habits and color from what it is in the cold regions; and man, as a zoölogical specimen, is not released from this law, since, according to the well known expression of Taine, he is bound to nature by all his corporeal tentacles. A people that goes to settle beneath another sky, slowly changes in its physical aspects and in its moral nature. The Romans became effeminate in the East, and the English become indolent in India. Buckle attaches great importance to these causes, from the standpoint of public law (Bluntschli). "Change," says Duruy, "the environment in which man lives, and you will change, at the end of a few generations, his physical constitution and his habits, along with a considerable number of his ideas;"¹ and from La Bruyère comes the observation that spirit, humor and passions are determined by places. In short, man must be of one kind in Arabia, and of another in Italy or Switzerland; and a nation rich and powerful like France, for example, can not be conceived in the Sahara. When the terrain is taken into account, it is necessary to consider geographical position, general aspect, extent, frontiers, soil and climate in the strict sense (of heat and cold), altitude, air and light, electricity and magnetism.

GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION.—"Wollaston," says Spencer, "is convinced that residence near the sea exerts an influence upon the color of insects:"¹ but more important is the ancient observation that maritime situation decides the destiny of peoples. Here comes into play the zoölogical factor of remoteness. To be on the Atlantic, for example, is to be near Europe, whence the ocean brings immigrants, capital and ideas upon every wave. Asunción, with barely 80,000 inhabitants, founded Buenos Aires, which has come to be the first city of Castilian speech, with a population that now exceeds a million. The misfortune of Bolivia is its fatal mediterranean position. Our country is saved by its two beautiful rivers, the Paraguay and the Paraná, that locate it upon the mighty Plata.

GENERAL ASPECT.—It was not Max Müller alone who said that the sea, the forest and the mountain address themselves to the imagination. The general aspect of our country is more or less appealing. *There is a secret harmony between nature and the soul.* The sea, murmurous, mobile, illimitable, enlarges the mind, arouses the spirit of adventure and the love of travel and liberty, according to the poets. It seems indubitable that a pure sky, ever blue, rather than one always gray, stimulates to luminous perceptions, and predisposes to a joyous consciousness of life. Some have thought to behold secret and remote harmonies between geography and the primitive religions that interpret states of the soul. Renan and Lamartine constructed syllogisms for de-

¹Prologue to *Histoire de France*.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

¹Spencer: *Social Organism: The Factors of Organic Evolution*.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

ducing a certain mysterious agreement between monotheism and the desert!

Buckle understood that countries subject to frequent earthquakes, epidemics, and floods are more superstitious than others not exposed to these scourges and misfortunes. The explanation would perhaps be that, according to the surmise of people who live in the prescientific age, these phenomena obey supernatural causes; and this belief, continuity of impression and the law of inheritance that transmits fear, would predispose to superstition and fanaticism. Southern Italy, the volcanic coast of the Pacific and the Philippine archipelago might serve as examples, on the supposition that Buckle's theory has a foundation in fact. However, be that as it may, we observe that Paraguay is, in every respect, in the best possible position. It is composed of level lands, graceful hills and mountains clad with evergreen forests reposing beneath a pure sky. There are neither volcanoes nor earthquakes, and, with the exception of the Chaco, it has no very extensive plains, "those lethargies of the soil that quench thought with their monotony." Floods kill only a few cattle occasionally in the regions of the west. "In its topography it combines diversity with unity." There are hardly any epidemics: diphtheria is unknown, and diseases like malaria, which elsewhere are mortal, are not deadly in Paraguay. According to Azara, it is one of the most beautiful and healthful countries of the world.

TERRITORIAL EXTENT.—There is almost always some truth in what is repeated with insistence in different times and places, and regarding territorial extent the following has been said:

When Rome extended her frontiers, her patriotism declined (Montesquieu). National enthusiasm is uniform and vital among the inhabitants of a small territory (Busot). In a small nation men know and like each other, and this liking is patriotism (Pi y Margall). In general, a small state is proportionately stronger than a larger one (Rousseau). Also, however, extreme smallness has its disadvantages: in a very limited territory, a brilliant national existence is impossible (Thiers).

Paraguay is neither very small nor too large. It could contain from forty to fifty million inhabitants in its twenty or so thousand square leagues of territory.¹

GEOGRAPHICAL CONFIGURATION AND NATURAL BOUNDARIES.—Those who deny the importance of natural boundaries are now aware of the *complicity* of geography with history, and they exaggerate the unquestionable power of the human will, which *perforates rocks and leaps over hills and mountains*.

A large river, a range of mountains, an extensive plain, like the Chaco, or a desert páramo, are not negligible in the march of historical events, as likewise in the development of peoples and nations.

There is, indeed, a motor that seems to be free and independent, that is, the human will, and, above all, genius allied with power and wealth: for at times it bursts geographical perimeters, and seems to make sport of the latitudes and circles of the globe; but, in general, the currents of events almost always course down natural declivities, skirting the mountains and flowing along the inclined plains of the more level regions; and if the engine of the human will leaps at times over all barriers, seas, hills or mountains, it is usually only to be stopped by other seas and mountains; and, as this has not been insisted on sufficiently, according to our opinion, we shall present examples drawn from our geographical history, conclusive examples that will overthrow the dictum of Pi y Margall, who recognized no elements of nationality in arcifinious data.

Suppress, in imagination, the turbulent and dramatic río de la Plata, which perpetually tempted the first audacious navigators; suppose there should be no break in continuity between its two banks; and by this means, at one blow, you would arrest the first steps of the conquest, the point of departure in our national history, perhaps the corner-stone on which three nations rest. Note that in this hypothesis we do not have the history of Solís nor that of Mendoza, as they were enacted

¹About ninety-five thousand square miles, with certain boundaries in dispute between it and Bolivia.
—THE EDITOR.

upon its waves and in its basin; and those first links withdrawn, all the chain of events breaks and drops apart. Buenos Aires would not be where it is, nor would it bear this name, nor from its humble cradle would have sprung its glorious present and its immense future. And do not forget that by removing the río de la Plata from the map, you would change the hydrography of twenty or so degrees of latitude, and thus we should have a different history, a different present, a different destiny, with diverse ideas and diverse feelings.

Who can not see that if the río de la Plata did not exist, Ayolas would not have ascended it, nor would Salazar have been able to follow in the wake of his vessels, nor could he have founded Asunción, an accidental achievement, according to all appearances, but which was in the logic of geography, and from which originated nearly or remotely incalculable consequences. Gliding over its waters, the genius and audacity of the conquest planted upon the banks of the great rivers the first stakes that marked the course of our history, the course of our patriotism.

In our hypothesis, two capitals, Buenos Aires and Asunción, disappear, because there was no noisy expedition of Mendoza, and Mendoza did not come, since neither Cabot nor Solís came, and the itinerary of both these ill-fated navigators would be a blank, as the río de la Plata does not exist. The course of history would have followed another route, another undulation, another level, another destiny. Probably the region covered by Paraguay and the Argentine and the Oriental¹ republics would have formed a part of the Portuguese domains, and thus we should have a more extensive Brazil, and three republics less in South America. What changes would all this presuppose in the feelings and ideas that go to form the patriotic soul of the Argentine and the Oriental republics and Paraguay!

Leave the río de la Plata and that of Paraguay, if you will, and imagine a navi-

gable river Pilcomayo,¹ with a larger flow of water. This being supposed, things would also have turned out in a very different manner. Cabot would have come from the east to the sierra de la Plata, the empire of the White King, before Pizarro reached it from the west; and after Cabot would have flocked over this Pilcomayo, that we are assuming to have been navigable, an army of valient conquerors, and then the history of Paraguay, of the río de la Plata and of Perú would be very surprising on account of its diversity. By means of a little more water the past of three nations is dissolved!

With our thought fixed in the direction indicated, we conceive that, by changing the scene, man weaves in a different manner the complicated texture of events. Altering slightly the topography of the stage, we have other actors and other acts, an unexpected combination in the divine comedy of history. A river or a mountain more or less calls up or wipes out great cities and memorable deeds of heroism. Changing the geographical *canevas*, we behold a different embroidery, other pictures, new reflections of light and shadow on the panorama of the past. What would be our history, if the Chaco were changed into a Caspian sea? This hypothetical Caspian would submerge many of the events that we know by heart, and the first expeditions would not have been what they were. Viewing things from this standpoint, we discover that, up to a certain point, the general lines of the scene are on the stage, where the actor with his passions must operate, and that the history of every region has its mute commentary and outline in the high relief of its mountains, in the low relief of its rivers, in the level of its seas and plains, in the embroidery of its forests and woodlands.

Its mute commentary! It should be said that every region originates, to a certain degree, and shapes the current of events; but these related events, with the passage of time, produce, on their part, national sentiment, since no one doubts

¹ The reference is to Uruguay, which is called la república Oriental del Uruguay, el Oriente and la banda Oriental, because the territory now occupied by this republic lies on the eastern and northeastern side of the río de la Plata.—THE EDITOR.

¹ Which rises in Bolivia and runs toward the south-east, emptying into the Paraguay near Asunción.—THE EDITOR.

that the fatherland is history. There is a spiritual map, a mediate or remote consequence of the geographical map.

If the mountains and rivers are adequately located, they predict the boundaries of nations; and by setting frontiers to each group, they impose frontiers upon their spirit. The following may serve as a case in point: If the Paraná river had run from the salto Guairá in a straight line, instead of inclining sharply to eastward (toward Corrientes¹), there would have been no reason why the Argentino-Paraguayan boundary should be marked by the well known undulation which extends from the Tres Bocas toward the west; and why, in that case, the Argentine republic should not have extended farther toward the north, or Paraguay farther toward the south. Eliminating this undulation, it would be mathematical that either one or the other thing should happen; and the consequence would be that to the northward or toward the southward of our present arcifinious boundary would palpitate a different national feeling.

Two states of feeling for a country, caused by a current's not moving in a straight line! Two sentiments of nationality, occasioned by the curves that a ribbon of water describes in the soil! The idea of patriotism related to the sinuous march of the great waterways! The logic of history resting upon the logic of geography!

Were not the mountains of Amambay and Maracayú the granite wall whereon were shattered the Lusitanian diplomacy and program of usurpations? Locate them ten leagues farther east, and you will have, within this zone of ten leagues, a different national thought. It will be objected perhaps that López, victorious, would have been able to carry our boundaries beyond Amambay and the river Paraná, but it is sufficient to reply that even wars for recovery or for conquest are wont to stop at the arcifinious boundaries of other nations. The Argentine republic came to a pause at the Paraná and the Pilcomayo, and Brazil at the river Apa. Geography is one of the essential factors

of history, and history is the symbol or summary of the national factors.

On three sides, Paraguay has arcifinious boundaries, and Berges upheld the truth in defending them against Paranhos. The borders of our country extend far toward the west, where the uniform plain of the Chaco lies outspread, and precisely with regard to this western portion, still undistributed, is involved an international problem—our boundary dispute with Bolivia.

SOIL.—Is there any relation between the geological character of the soil and the intellectual nature of man? "There is to be noted a tendency," writes Rémy de Gourmont, regarding the intellectual map of France, "to attribute to primitive territories a certain productiveness in poets . . . and one of the soils of greatest fecundity for the production of men of strong intellectuality ought to be Jurassic, but, to determine this, there would be needed at once a geological, climatic and ethnographic map."¹

The truth is that data are lacking, and every theory in the sense indicated is premature. The only thing certain and indubitable, for the moment, is that chemistry of the soil will constitute the profound chemistry that determines the animal body. "Inorganic forces change into organic and social energies, and they in turn become converted into physical forces. All the energy expended in the growth and activity of peoples is derived from the physical world" (Giddings). The basic phosphates of the soil bury themselves in the bones. Reul and Quatrefages maintained that it is only necessary to phosphatize the soil in order to make soldiers! The common people neither observe nor suspect these truths, as they neither see nor suspect that the sun is definitely the force that causes the wheels of the locomotive, and the cyclone to revolve.

The soil nourishes us with its waters, its fauna and its flora, and what has not been

¹ Duruy also wrote: "Man, created from the slime of the earth, still preserves somewhat of his origin, and nations are very late in erasing, if they succeed in doing it, the mark of their cradle."—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

¹ A province and city in Argentina.—THE EDITOR.

said with regard to regimen, quality, and abundance of foods as to their effect upon character, stature, reproduction and crime? It is undeniable that food is a decisive factor in respect of the energy of races, since the vigorous and handsome races would not be so with bad nutrition.¹ Even the larva of the sterile working bee is transformed into a fruitful queen by means of a proper alteration in foods.² Demersay wrote, regarding Paraguay: "The influence of food, undeniable in all countries, is nowhere greater than in Paraguay." He attributed the pacific character of the Paraguayan to his diet, in part vegetarian.

The phosphate soil of eastern Paraguay, so rich in marble, iron, copper and manganese (which forms hills and mountains) is crossed, as perhaps no other region of the earth is, in this respect, by a network of crystalline streams and rivulets; and chemical analysis affirms that the enormous river that gave her its name, and to which is attributed the power of softening the human voice, is one of the most potable of the world.³ Paraguay has an immense future, owing to its infinite mineral wealth.

Summing up: in our fauna, in our flora and in our soil, above all in the last, because of which the first two are so notable and abundant, resides an energy sufficient to nourish some day a great and powerful nation.

HEAT AND COLD.—Ihering goes to the extreme of affirming that climate is race, an affirmation partly correct, having to do with primitive peoples. Buckle held that in extreme climates it is not possible to maintain continuous work, from which is derived an uncertain and capricious national character. Bodin believed that the northern peoples always win in battle, while those of the south triumph in diplomacy. Mysticism has not passed beyond a certain latitude. "Negligible in the

north, very rare in the temperate climates, it becomes more and more common in proportion as one advances toward the south. There is an isothermo-mystical line."¹

To Lombroso and Laschi we owe the assertion that heat raises the curve of revolutions and crimes. In general, the sensations of heat and cold increase or diminish in large measure the vital activities and the exercise of judgment.² Poucel already explained the energy of our people as due to climate; but not³ everything is measured by the thermometer in the life of peoples, and in order not to exaggerate the consequences of cold and heat, it is proper to take into account the prudent restriction of D'Alambert: "It would be as absurd to deny the effects of climate as it would be to wish to attribute everything to it." The mean temperature of Paraguay is seventy-one degrees, Fahrenheit, but this disadvantage is corrected by the hydrometric state of the air, of which we shall next treat.

ALTITUDE AND AIR.—Ratzel attaches importance to altitude above sea-level. The extremes present serious differences: two hundred meters below the level of the sea, or four thousand above it are geographical situations that prejudice physical health and mental power. Atmospheric pressure and the composition of the air affect economics. In low places cretinism, and at great altitudes, the lack of initiative, are noted. The theory of Ratzel needs to be verified.

It is necessary, however, to bear in mind, it is said, the degree of atmospheric humidity and its mobility and direction.

Humidity: The peoples who live in a dry atmosphere are vigorous.

Mobility: In proportion as the air is renewed by the shifting of the wind, vital functions are more active.

Direction: Certain winds, in determinate geographical areas, are favorable to economic development, or they hinder it.

¹ This point did not escape the vast intelligence of Alberdi, an assiduous reader of Montesquieu. He says: "Among the physical circumstances capable of powerfully affecting the physical and moral character of peoples, food and drink take, without doubt, the first rank."—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

² Spencer: *Progress, Its Law and Cause*.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

³ Dr. Ovidio Rebaudi: *El agua*.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

¹ Pompeyo Gener: *Inducciones*. It is based on Charbonnier-Debotty, the author of *Maladies et facultés diverses des mystiques*.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

² Blauntschli, Filangieri, etc., said the same—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

³ *El Paraguay moderno*.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

To the northeast wind, which blows with relative constancy in North America, has been attributed, in part, the extraordinary activity of her sons, and attention has been directed to the fact that the wind called *Tomahavi* coincides in Potosí with popular effervescence.

The northeast region of Paraguay is from four hundred to five hundred meters above sea-level, and Asunción about eighty. According to Moussy, the mouth of the Pilcomayo is ninety meters higher than Rosario de Santa Fe,¹ and the mean altitude of the Chaco is two hundred meters—facts which, according to the theory of Ratzel, ought to be very favorable to vigor of race.

The humidity of the air ranges between 69 and 15 per cent., and the atmospheric vapor is from 13 to 85, figures hygienically better than those of Buenos Aires. That is to say, we live surrounded by a dry atmosphere, an admirable medium that supplies the measures of sanitation which we lack. Wisner noticed also how much the continuous mobility of the atmospheric layers favors Paraguay. The north wind in summer is depressing.

LIGHT, ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM.—Man, the child of the air, like the fairy of a certain beautiful legend, is also the child of the light. The light of the sun, "which in its pure essence contains the colors of the celestial rainbow" is also the most universal and efficacious disinfectant. It is not a trifling circumstance that the region over which a nation extends shall be or not be illuminated by a brilliant sun, nor can it be indifferent to the air it breathes, the altitude at which it moves, the food that nourishes it or the general aspect of its territories. Who knows if the secret of many national characteristics may not lie in a more or less abundant supply of sunlight?

It should be remarked also that electric and magnetic currents are not negligible, for Hedsman has called attention to the fact that such currents develop stature, which is the same as saying that they develop organic architecture, the scaffold of strength and beauty.

Paraguay lies beneath the heat of a sun of fire, tempered by the hydrometric condition of its transparent air, and it is one of the most electrified and magnetized countries of the earth.

II

ETHNIC CAUSES

"Governments are directed above all by the soul of their race, that is, by the residuum of the past, of which this soul is the sum total. Race and the linking together of daily events are the mysterious causes that rule our destinies,"¹ *and it is true that a man is not only the son of his parents: he is also and principally the heir of his race.*

Those who belong to the same race present a physical and spiritual conformation upon which the national idea is founded. It is not necessary that a race be pure, nor that this word be taken always in its current ethnographic sense, as those are given to doing who deny that the ethnic element is a national element. It is sufficient to give to the word *race* the sense that we give it when we speak of the English race, the Argentine race, the Paraguayan race, expressions that indicate the existence of a certain conformity of blood and hereditary disposition. *The human fauna of a region constitutes a race: politically, a nation.* In every race there is a different accumulated capital of physical energy in its bones and muscles, of mental energy in its nerve centers, with ideas, dispositions and tendencies that constitute the formidable burden of the past.

The Paraguayan race is the result of a cross between the Gothic and the Guaraní, a product which, in the fifth generation, becomes white by an anthropological law, with new characteristics and new aptitudes that were not observed in its progenitors. We copy what we have already written:

With Azara, who had a census in front of him, we proved that in Paraguay there were from the period of colonization five white men for each one with a touch of color (Indian or Negro), and in the other colonies, according to

¹ In Argentina.—THE EDITOR.

¹ La Bon: *Psychologie des multitudes*.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

Du Graty, there were twenty-five persons of color for every white. This means, for him who knows, the muscular and cerebral capital that white blood presupposes, that the ethnic energy of Paraguay was five units, in the presence of the debility of her neighbors, the expression of which was one in twenty-five. . . . Azara maintains with a well substantiated affirmation that the Paraguayan is more intelligent than is his neighbors; Demersay, that he is less sanguinary and more hospitable than others.¹

III

PSYCHOLOGICAL CAUSES

The most of the natural causes that we have examined affect the body, and, by reaction, the spirit. The most of those we are going to take up, religion, language, customs, art, tradition and history, operate principally upon the spirit.

RELIGION.—This is an element of association. Among the ancients, religion was patriotism itself, but the modern religions have become cosmopolitan, they transcend frontiers, and thus they have lost the exceptional importance they had as an element of nationality. In the United States, a hundred or more religions are held. The national bond there is not that of religion. Among the scattered Israelites it is. In any case, religion has a relative value.

LANGUAGE.—“Language identifies the ideas and sentiments of men. Communion by speech preserves fraternity and even creates it. It is the seal of nationality. The Italian language is the sign of and the argument for the unity of the nation,” wrote Valera.

In the words of Emile Faguet:

The mother tongue is the very symbol of patriotism and the sound of it enters us through our ears, rather than through our eyes and memory and thought. It is the first music we hear. Every language has its rhythm, its cadence, its melodious character, every language is sung: song, melody, cadence and rhythm that only the national perceives. There are bilingual and trilingual peoples who are very patriotic, nevertheless, and this proves that language is neither a necessary nor a

sufficient element of a nation, but it contributes to the unification of thought.

IDENTITY OF CUSTOMS.—We continue to take from Faguet:

Habits and customs are signs of temperament and character. To have the same customs is to feel the same way for centuries. A common custom is a link between men and times. It is to recognize themselves as of the same blood, if blood means a total of natural, innate and hereditary dispositions. Custom, like the ties of nationality, is worth more than religion and language.

ART.—Faguet continues:

Do not doubt that Ibsen and Bjornson created Norwegian patriotism in part. Sienkiewicz is an element of patriotism and national encouragement. The great Italian artists have created Italy anew, by giving to it, along with the pride they communicated, the will to be. Artistic pleasure is individual, but it also translates a state of the patriotic spirit: it makes it bud, and it reveals and cherishes it. A library, a museum is a permanent *national* feast. All the patriotic peoples have known this mystery. They have wished the fatherland to shine, so to speak, in large and splendid monuments by means of which it should perpetuate itself in the memory of man.

The Parthenon has as great a claim to the title of victory as Salamis. If Salamis signifies that the Greeks are more valiant and intelligent than the Asiatics, the Parthenon means that the Athenians are more creative of beauty than the barbarians.¹

The already cited Valera goes on to say that writers and poets “engrave the national character with a strong and delicate tool in gold and in the jewels of their writings. *Os Lusíadas* are the greatest obstacle to the fusion of Portugal and Spain. Camoens stands between Portugal and Spain like a firm wall more difficult to overthrow than all the forts and all the castles.”

Force indeed destroys walls and castles, but who will overthrow the fame of an eminent poet, the divine interpreter of

¹Lieber writes: “Parliament (English) has done well in voting considerable sums for the improvement of the British museum. The most scrupulous citizen ought to rejoice patriotically as he contemplates the number, ever increasing, of those who gather from all the civilizations of the world to admire this institution.”—AUTHOR’S NOTE.

¹*Heroísmo y tiranía*, en *Los Sucesos*, of March 2, 1907.—AUTHOR’S NOTE.

the pride of a people. Camoens singing the glories of Portugal, increased them with his harmonious verses, and how can the memory of that epic, a melodious vibration of the national soul, be uprooted? The muse of poetry becomes the muse of patriotism.

Carlyle said that England, between the loss of Shakespeare and the loss of the East Indies, would choose to lose the latter, and this is because her great men—Shakespeare, Newton, Nelson, each splendid in his own realm—are a part of the moral personality of Great Britain. The beautiful creations of the artist, the glory of the wise and the achievements of the warrior, constitute the true excellence and renown of a country, and a nation without artists or poets (in the words of señor don Juan Silvano Godoy): “may be likened to a block of marble torn from the quarries of Paros or Carrara: it is formless, mute, unexpressive, anonymous.”

TRADITION AND HISTORY.—We come to what constitutes the principal factor, because it is perhaps a summary of all the national elements.

“Without tradition, neither civilization nor a national soul is possible!” (Le Bon); and Maeterlinck, the genius of *fugitive perspectives* says “in tradition is the love of the race of to-day for the race of to-morrow.”

The opinion of Faguet is luminous:¹

The fatherland is, above all, the history of the fatherland. History is one's country in a pure state. There is in the past a poetry that we must have in order to live, as the tree needs its roots and the soil into which the roots penetrate. Without the past, we are suspended in the air, lacking support, wanting strength. There is no more patriotic phrase than that of Titus Livius, when he beheld the ancient chronicles of his country: *vetus fit animus meus*. One of Lamartine's verses is the exact and sublime formula of patriotism: “*C'est la cendre des morts qui créa la patrie.*”

Before Faguet, Renan had given utterance to the same thought:

A nation is a soul, a spiritual principle. Two things, which, to tell the truth, are but one thing only, constitute this soul, this spiritual principle. One of them is in the past, the

other in the present. In the past is the common possession of a rich heritage of memories; in the present, the actual consent, the desire to live together, the will to continue to give value to the inheritance that has been received undivided. The nation, like the individual, is the result of a long past of efforts, sacrifices and unselfishnesses. The worship of ancestors is the most legitimate of all worships. Ancestors have made us what we are. A heroic past, great men, glory (I mean, true glory), here you have a social capital upon which rests a national idea. To possess common glories in the past, a common will in the present, to have done great things together, to wish to do them still—here you have the condition essential to being a people. We love in proportion to the sacrifices we make, to the evils we have suffered. The Spartan song: “We are what you were: we shall be that you are,” is, in its simplicity, the abbreviated hymn of every nation. In the past, an inheritance of glory and of sorrows to share; in the future, identical plans to achieve; to have suffered, enjoyed, hoped together, all this is worth more than having the same custom-houses, and frontiers in conformity with ideas of strategy. I should add: *to have suffered together*. Yes; suffering in common unites more than pleasure. In point of national recollections, afflictions are worth more than victories. A nation is therefore a great unity, created by feeling the sacrifices that have been made and those that may yet be made. A nation presupposes a past, and it epitomizes, nevertheless, in the present by a tangible deed: the consent, desire, clearly expressed, to continue a common life. The existence of a nation (pardon the metaphor) is a plebiscite of all its days, as the existence of an individual is a perpetual affirmation of life. . . . A great aggregation of men, wholesome in spirit and ardent in heart, creates a moral consciousness that is called a nation.¹

The centenary oak murmured in the ears of one who was reading in the shadow the songs of the Middle Ages:

The soul of thy ancestors is in these songs more ancient than I. Love thy forefathers. Their spirit has passed into thee, their Benjamin, a son of better days. They worked, suffered, waited for thee. Venerate the soil of thy country. (Anatole France.)

In Paraguay are united the most of the psychological conditions that make a

¹ *Le Pacifisme*.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

¹ Renan: *Qu'est-ce qu'une nation?* (a lecture given at Sorbonne, March 11, 1882.)—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

nation: unity of religion and language (Guaraní gives it a character of its own) and identity of customs; and the people that wrote the most epic page of modern times has in its heroic past a *rich legacy of recollections*. It idolizes its intelligent, sagacious, warlike, sober, agile, hardy independence. Paraguay is a nation in the sense of public law, and if she does not yet possess either artists or poets, she supplied their place with heroes who knew how to defend her.

SUMMARY

Adopting in part the ideas of a naturalist, we say that a nation is the result of geographical position, soil, air and elevation above sea-level; of climate, light, electricity and magnetism; and of race, religion, language, customs, education and history. . . . Even:

Courage, cowardice and treason are phenomena of nature, consequences necessary in direct proportion to inevitable causes, the same as the revolutions of the globe: (Moleschott).

There must be causes not suspected until now, and those that we have sketched may mingle with each other, cross, oppose, and partially annul each other, it being difficult or impossible to calculate the exact proportion in which each of them contributes to the formation of national character.

Which elements are the most important?

Is it soil, air, latitude, or climate? All these, with electricity and magnetism, influence man, but perhaps every theory has exaggerated its thesis, or every cause may be more efficient than has been believed. Some day the scattered rays of light will be gathered to a focus, and then will truths be made clear that now are barely descried. Perhaps the admonition of Rémy de Gourmont may not be superfluous: "Statesmen ought to study geology, hydrography, and the prevailing winds."

Religion, language, customs? They have their relative value as spiritual bonds. Custom influences more than religion or language.

Geography? There is a certain adaptation of the current of events to geographical environment, a static element, which,

according as it be regarded, may include almost all that has gone before, plus position, extension, general aspect, configuration and the arcifinious data. Geography foreordains, gives direction to the course of historical events, as the dip of the land determines the current of a river; but how to estimate the infinite and capricious curves of the mobile and fugitive wave? It is impossible to measure with the compasses; but the cardinal fact stands illustrated by conclusive examples: changing the geography of a zone, unmakes history to remake it otherwise; and if, indeed, a mountain *separates* and a river *unites*, it is also true that certain rivers set bounds upon national spirit.

Race, hereditary type, ethnic unity? Each human group, although it be the result of successive crosses, each *variety* carries within itself an impulse resident in its cells, and it is the secret of its destiny, an incalculable energy that will move toward ethnic unity, with greater or less speed, throughout the centuries. Species imposes upon the spirit characteristics that are indelible, as long as there be no change of geographical location. The Frenchman of to-day is, in his essence, the same Gaul that Strabo and Julius Cæsar described; and the same thing is true of the Englishman, but his descendants change their character in the Indies (Fouillé).

History and art? We have seen that the fatherland is the history of the fatherland. We have called attention to art as a national factor. The patriotic emotion contained in a poem, in the cadence of a cherished song, in the expression of a hero immortalized by the brush, at once stirs patriotism and vitalizes the heart of a people. In how many heroes did not that creation of Michael Angelo, the statue of *Night*, a beautiful sleeping woman, the image of the nation, in the dress of slavery, beneath the yoke of tyrants, arouse the idea and quicken the sentiment of independence and of national unity in Italy! "An exalted art forms a kind of aureola about victorious banners," says Groussac.¹

¹ Paul Groussac, the director of the National library in Buenos Aires, and the author of *The Congress of Tucumán*, published in the October number of INTER-AMERICA.—THE EDITOR.

Even the glory of the wise man, a little indifferent perhaps to his flag, projects upon his country a ray of his light, and his name is a source of pride, contributing to the moral personality of his nation.

If all natural causes were identical everywhere, we should still have signs of nationality, which would be derived from ethnical causes; and if all the peoples were formed from a single race, placed in the same natural conditions, there would still

be nations with their own physiognomy, while they had different customs, education, and history.

As an epilogue, I set down the principal causes that constitute nations. They are: geography, race, history, which do not prevent *national character* from being—to give a new turn to the expression of another—like that famous metal which, at the burning of Corinth, was formed from the fusion of all the metals.



THE CULT OF THE FLOWER

BY

LEOPOLDO LUGONES

A bit of playful moralizing in the form of brief stories, with a pastoral simplicity of scene, feeling and style.—THE EDITOR.

I

“NOTHING important,” said the renowned philosopher, “nothing important do we do in our life without flowers. This, perchance, is the most characteristic note of civilization. By bringing flowers into his life man began to be lovable.

“And woman sentimental,” he added, with a complementary smile for the beautiful Andrea, on whose bosom a snow-flake of jasmine posited a poetic contradiction to the sweet fire of the twin doves nestling beneath.

“Hear, for example, how the first Bohemian came to be:

“The savage youths who loved in the primitive forests paid their court by means of presents—the choicest fruits and the firstlings of the chase.

“One of them sallied forth upon a day, with his arrow and his fish-hook, in search of the well known present.

“The river offered him, as always, the sure promise of the silver fish which he wished to have more beautiful than ever.

“While, however, the hook, left to the movement of the current, tempted with its bait, the good fisherman began to think how beautiful would be the feet of his beloved, wading in the brook that rippled over the shining pebbles: little feet that the water surrounded with crystal.

“This distracted him so much that the longed-for fish came, took the bait, began to pull . . . oh, little feet of maidens in the limpid water . . . pulled harder and still harder . . . and carried away the hook!

“Then the savage youth went hunting.

“Soon he found a beautiful bird on the tip of a hugeous tree. To see it, and to let fly an arrow was one and the same

thing. But his arrow missed, not without his being aware that there was, in the brief flight of the dart, a likeness to the glance of his sweet love.

“This impression, however, was so vague that, in order to make sure, he sent another arrow, and another, and another . . .

“When he had exhausted his quiver, he thought with terror that it was now impossible to hunt any more this day.

“Then he betook himself to an old apple-tree where there was an apple, just one, but the most beautiful ever seen.

“Only that, when he had it in his hands, he felt the cheeks of his darling so near he could do no less than kiss them on the fruit; and, since from kissing to biting is but a step, when it comes to such tempting objects, behold, the savage youth suddenly converted his apple into an unsolvable problem! He ate it up.

“Defeated in all his plans as a prudent lover, he was returning sadly across the meadow.

“He was not carrying to his tender dear one either the silver fish, or the firstling of the chase, or his usual gift of fruit. Suddenly it occurred to him to notice the flowers he was trampling under foot.

“The first of love’s nosegays was rejected by the object of his worship. It was not the fashion.

“But the first Bohemian had come into being, by culling the flowers of infinite misery: the flowers with which life is beautified, even when there is no bread.

“Another day I shall tell you how the oracle of the marguerite originated.”

II

“I keep my promise, girls,” said the renowned philosopher, “by beginning to

tell you how the oracle of the marguerite came to be. For we know now that nothing important in life is done without flowers.

"The meadow, flushed green by a summer shower, was looking at the sky in ecstasy, through the thousand golden eyes of its marguerites.

"A savage maiden was crossing the downs with a slow step, while anxiously pulling a flower to pieces.

"The theme seems old to you, and I have seen you smile. It is old, in truth, like the kiss, the sigh, and the moon, which, however, do not tire. Old, like youth, that lives of forgetfulness.

"The maiden was plucking the petals from a flower, as she had done many times. But that day she chanced to notice a kind of correspondence between each plucked petal and an idea of hers. This caused her great wonder.

"Well, then; her idea could have only one object: the man whom she loved and who had not come to see her for some days. So her whole mind was filled with thinking:

"Will he come?"

"Will he not come?"

"Yes; he will come."

"No; he will not come."

"The hours passed. Pain did the work of the drop that wears away. It generated doubt, and with doubt more definite ideas:

"Does he love me?"

"Does he not love me?"

"The petals of the marguerite kept falling. 'Yes, no. Yes, no.' It was *no* at the end.

"So this damsel taught all the other damsels of her tribe to suffer.

"With the passing of time, however, they learned how to protect themselves from sorrow, since it is certain that lovers become every day more uncertain.

"It was necessary to make sure with others: to invent the lover.

"Then was perfected that first effort, which was at the same time a grave problem—the origin of the reading."

The girls continued to pull marguerites to pieces, but not to the last petal. The decisive *yeses* and *noes* were left in the last petal, which was never plucked away.

It remained attached to the central bud, pointed straight as a tiny index toward the infinite.

"The infinite of sorrow? The infinite of happiness?"

Thus spoke the renowned philosopher, and afterward there fell the meditative silence of communicated ideas.

Suddenly, with a strange unanimity, the young questioners burst into laughter.

It was true that none of them had stripped her marguerite to the last petal.

This little psychological discovery of the narrator amused them.

He added paternally:

"Behold the immense problem of the denuded flower.

"He loves me.

"He loves me not.

"*To love, or not to love, that is the question.*"¹

III

"When the flower was the emblem of an unrequited love and of a hopeless dream, men made it the symbol of purity, and then the bridal wreath began. The state of a bride is a moment as fleeting and as brilliant as a spark. A bride is even less enduring than her flowers. It is clearly seen then that the nuptial wreath is in itself laden with melancholy.

"It happened that there was a certain pure and tender maiden who was dying of love.

"When her last delirium was bearing her away, like a vanishing wave, to the unknown strand where eternity begins between immense and tranquil willows, on the lips of the invalid could be heard a protest against the ingrate who was leaving her thus to die.

"Oh, no, oh, no!" she was still able to answer. "Give me some flowers."

"In that confusion of ideas came the anticipatory chimera of kisses not bestowed, as she imagined they must be.

"She crowned herself with flowers, wandering now in the great shadow, with the peaceful unconsciousness of an enchantment that was the bliss of dying.

"To die of love is the supreme espousal."

More stirred than he had wished to be,

¹ English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

before these modern girls, who certainly would not die thus, the renowned philosopher, by way of defensive irony, smiled as he muttered the romantic verse:

She died of love, the unhappy Elvira.

"And the flowers upon the grave?" he added quickly.

"Primitive men, when they saw them grow with profusion in the fertility of the tumuli of earth, believed they were souls. When the flowers were visited by the butterflies, there arose the legend of Psyche.

"Our great sorrows and our great joys have as their symbol a flower.

"The most typical trait of civilization,

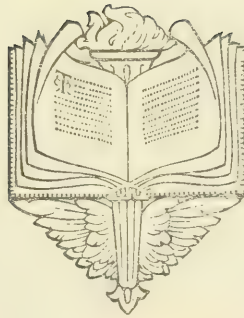
achieved and stable, was contributed by the woman who one day, in a prehistoric cave, surrounded by useless and sweet-scented herbs, the haunch of venison set apart for the banquet. The Greek act of dropping leaves in the wine cups is one of the rare human inventions that did not originate in a primitive animality.

"Finally, flowers are the coin of philosophy, a symbolic treasure that should not be wasted foolishly.

"A God has said:

"Cast not your margarites¹ before the swine."

¹The author gives the literal rendering of the Greek μαργαρίτης, pearl.—THE EDITOR.



MANUEL ACUÑA

BY

JUAN DE DIOS PESA

The following article was made up for INTER-AMERICA of selections taken from Juan de Dios Pesa's Introduction to the *Obras de Manuel Acuña*. Pesa, himself one of the great poets of México, was intimate with Acuña through the latter's days at school and college, and he spent with him the afternoon preceding the day on which Acuña took his own life. The *Nocturno* selected for translation is known and repeated from memory wherever Spanish is the native language of the people.—THE EDITOR.

MANUEL ACUÑA was born in Saltillo, the capital of the state of Coahuila, in the year 1849. At the age of fourteen he went to the city of México, and entered the college of San Ildefonso as a resident pupil.

During the years devoted to the study of Latin, mathematics, and philosophy, he displayed notable talent. Afterward he passed to the historic school of Medicine, from which have gone forth so many who have shone in the domain of letters and science.

I recall him now as if I were looking at him on the eve of his tragic end. He was of slight build, with a clear, smooth forehead, above which arose rebellious his dark hair tossed backward, and which seemed unacquainted with any other comb than the indolent hand that was wont to pluck at it; his eyebrows were arched, heavy and black; his eyes large and apparently about to escape from their orbits; his nose was slight and sharp; his mouth small, with the lower lip thick and loose, dominated by a mustache clipped at the corners; his chin pointed and dimpled; he was always dressed in a dark frock coat with long skirts; he was a rapid walker and somewhat halting in speech.

He was essentially sad, but jovial and pungent in his expressions. Sensitive as a child, and loyal as a knight of old, he was tormented by the sufferings of others, and no one was more active than he in visiting and attending a poor and sick friend.

We collected with fraternal solicitude every newspaper in which his verses appeared, and we preserved the paragraphs that praised him. We felt happy when we saw him receive letters from his home

far away, and, after reading them, kiss the signature of his mother, saying: "It is a long time since I saw her. Poor little thing! She knows me now only by my picture."

This absence was killing him. Read the poem *Entonces y hoy* (Then and Today), written with the tenderest tears from the depth of his heart, and you will see that what I tell you is true.

On Friday, December 5, 1873, we had been together from early morning, and in the afternoon we went to the Alameda. The wind was bringing down the yellowish leaves from the swaying ashes and poplars, and as they fell beneath the feet of the poet, they attracted his sad gaze.

"Look," he said to me, showing me one of the leaves, which I still preserve dried, from having marked with it a chapter in the book we were reading that afternoon, *Les feuilles d'Automne*, by Victor Hugo; "see, a frigid gust has snatched it from the branch before its time!"

There he recited to me his poem, *El génesis de mi vida* (The Genesis of My Life), which some one extracted from his papers the day of his death. It was a very beautiful poem of which I remember one or two stanzas. When we were sitting upon a stone bench he said: "Write," and he dictated the sonnet *A un arroyo* (To a Brook), afterward writing upon it for me an affectionate dedication in his own hand. This sonnet is the last verse he wrote. Many think the *Nocturno* was his final composition; but his friends among us had already known this poem by heart three months before his death.

Apropos of the *Nocturno*, I shall make an interesting digression. One morning while we were in Saltillo, Jesús M. Rábago and I went out very early, as we were starting on an expedition beyond the city. The

parochial church stands with its back toward the east; thus the sun rose behind the tower, and in front, in the direction of the sunset, stretched a street in which Acuña lived as a child. When Rábago observed this, he said to me:

See how true is that about:

The morning sun agleaming
Behind the shadowed belfry.

And there afar stands upon
The beckoning door of home.

Let us follow the thread of events, however. We went from the Alameda at the hour of twilight. I left him at the door of a house in the calle Santa Isabel, and he said, as we were taking leave:

"To-morrow at one sharp I shall await you, without fail."

"At one sharp?" I asked.

"If you are late by a minute . . . "

"What will happen?"

"I shall go without seeing you."

"Where will you go?"

"I am about to start on a journey . . .
yes . . . a journey . . . you will
know about afterward."

These last words fell upon my soul like drops of fire. I wished to question him further, but he entered the house, and I went away, sad and downcast, as one is who receives bad news.

I only knew that this gigantic spirit was ill and that he feared a crisis.

Acuña came to the school late that night, tore up and burned many papers that he had been preserving, wrote several letters bordered with mourning: one of them to his absent father, another to Antonio Coellar, another to Gerardo Silva, and two to ladies who were intimate friends of his.

It is said that on the next day he arose late, put his room in order, went out to the baths, and returned at a quarter to twelve. It was probably at this time that he penned the following lines with a sure and firm hand:

The least I could do would be to give details regarding the cause of my death; but I think it will not matter to anybody: it is sufficient to know that no one but myself is to blame.

MANUEL ACUÑA.

December 6, 1873.

He afterward went into the corridor, stopping to speak about indifferent things, and, at about half after twelve, he returned to his room.

It is easy to conjecture what took place there.

I came to visit him a few minutes after one—a friend had detained me at the door of the school. I found upon the night table a lighted candle, and Acuña was stretched upon his bed with the expression of one who sleeps.

Acuña was the victim of *ennui*—of a moral nostalgia—that nameless disease that withers the flowers of the soul before they are hardly in bud. In his last days he lived a strange life: his vigils were perpetual; he read and studied until day-break; he liked to take thick, black coffee, what Manuel Flores¹ called "the black nectar of white dreams," and he assumed a joviality that served as a disguise for his hidden sadness.

In Saltillo they have honored his memory by building an attractive theatre that bears his name, the orchestra of which is in the form of a lyre.

Acuña, "if he had not so prematurely robbed himself of his own glory," says the inspired Núñez de Arce, in speaking of him, "he would be to-day one of the highest literary personages of México. The compositions he left reveal all that he might have become. Destiny put out the flame of his life, but it will never succeed in extinguishing his imperishable memory."

NOCTURN²

TO ROSARIO

I

Well, therefore, I must tell thee,
Must tell thee I adore thee,
Must tell thee that I love thee
With all my burning heart;

¹Born in the valley of San Andrés, on the western slope of the peak of Orizaba, México, died about 1885. A poet and literary critic whose fame rests chiefly upon his volume of poems entitled *Pasionarias*, verses of a passionately erotic character.—THE EDITOR.

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That it is much I suffer,
That deeply I deplore thee,
That I can wait no longer;
With tears I now beseech thee,
Beseech thee in the name of
My spirit's final dream.

II

I can no less than tell thee,
That through long days of sighing
I languish and am pallid
From so much loss of sleep;
That now are dead with yearning
My hopes and expectations;
That all my nights are darkened,
So darkened and so somber
I know not where the future
Will dawn upon my woe.

III

At night when I surrender
My temples to the pillow
To other worlds desiring
My spirit to take flight,
Both long and far I travel,
And when I end my journey
The lineaments of my mother
Fade slowly into nothing,
And thou again returnest
To thy shelter in my soul.

IV

I know too well thy kisses
Are not for me to cherish;
That in thine eyes enchanting
Myself I ne'er shall see;
I love thee; in my burning,
Insensate, dark delirium
I bless thy proud caprices,
And far from aught less loving,
I love thee more and more.

V

At times I think of saying
Farewell to thee for ever,
Of blotting out thine image
In harshness from my soul;
But if all this be futile,
And I can not forget thee,
What wilt thou have me doing,
Dear portion of my spirit?
What wilt thou have me doing
With my devoted heart?

VI

And then at last is furbished
A shrine for thy dear presence,

Thy lamp aglow with brightness,
Thy bridal veil outspread,
The morning sun agleaming
Behind the shadowed belfry
The torches all asparkle,
The smoke of incense rising,
And there afar stands open
The beckoning door of home.

VII

What could have been more charming
Than refuge 'neath that shelter,
We two for e'er united,
For ever loving we;
Thou for ever enamored,
I satisfied for ever,
We two with one soul only,
And we as with one body;
And in our midst abiding
My mother as our God!

VIII

Let but thy fancy linger
Upon a life so radiant!
How fair and sweet to journey
Across the wide world thus!
And I on this went dreaming,
My promised one most holy.
And wandering, as in madness,
With all my soul aquiver,
I fixed my thought on goodness,
For thee, only for thee.

IX

Well does the good God reckon
This as my cherished vision,
My earnest hope, my longing,
My true delight, my bliss;
And God knows that to nothing
Would I have given effort
Save to have loved thee greatly
Within the smiling haven
That tenderly caressed me
When I first saw the light.

X

This my first aspiration—
But now since to its splendors
A deep abyss opposes,
That yawns between us two,
Farewell, parting and final,
O love of all my loving,
Clear light of all my darkness,
Sweet essence of my flowers,
Lyre of all my poesy,
My youth, a last farewell.

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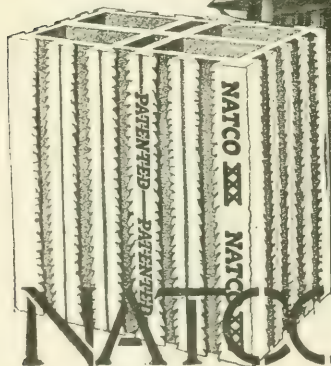
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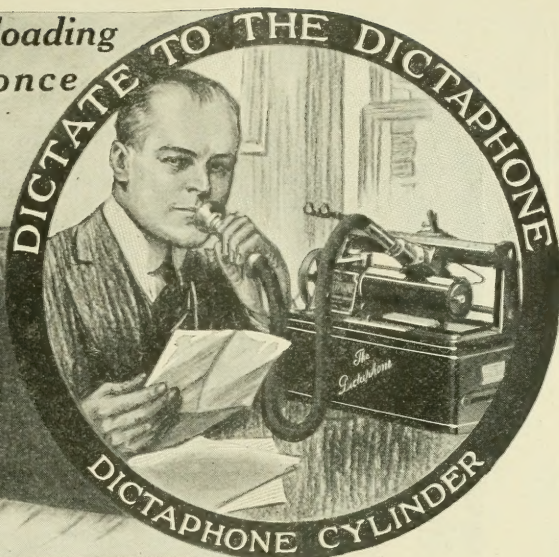


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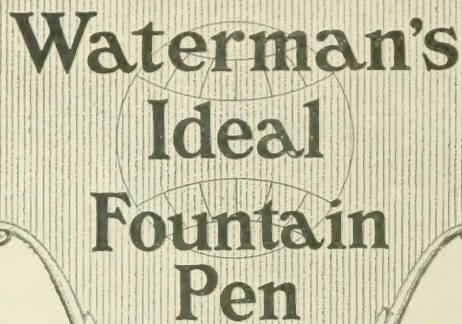
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